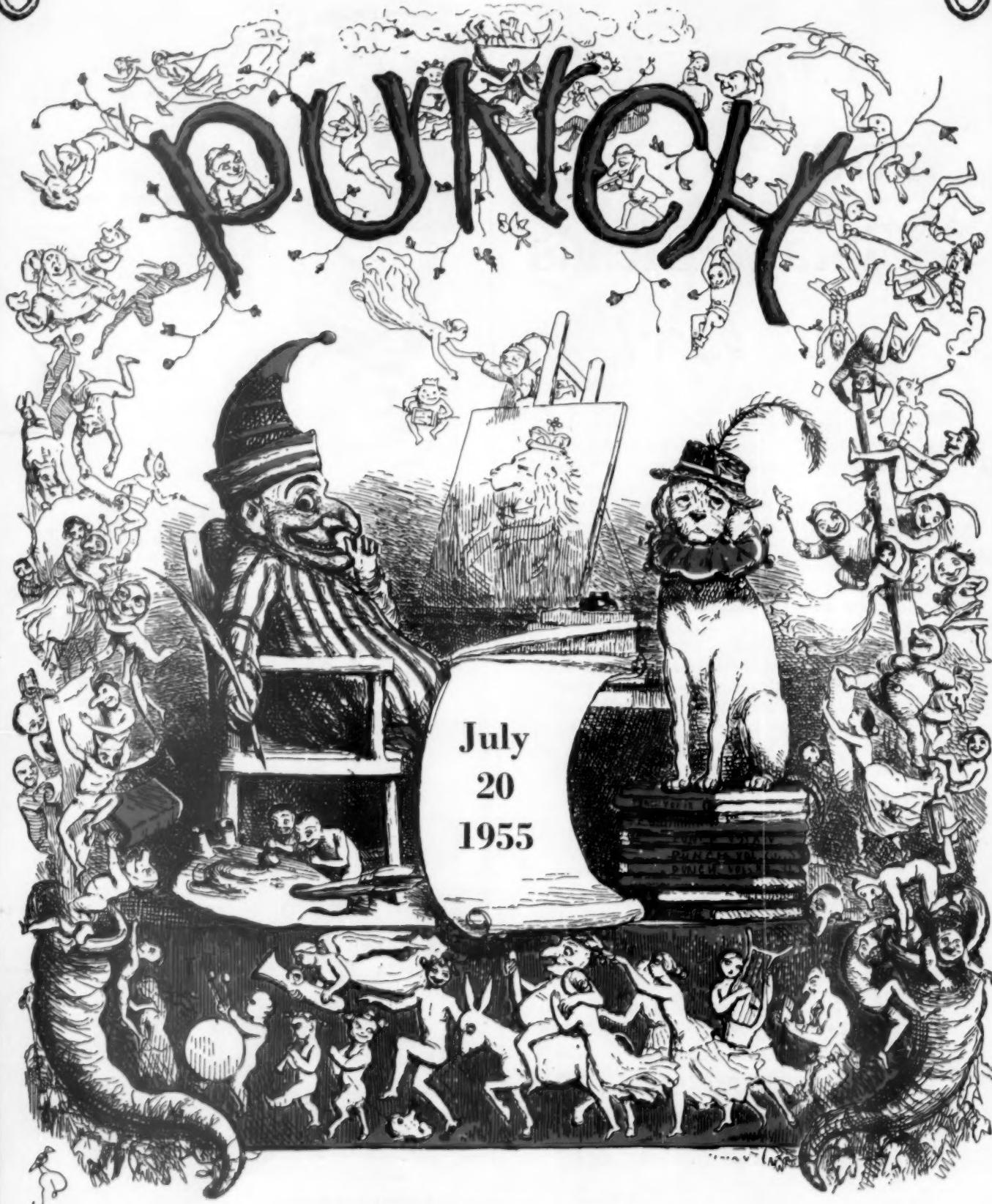


6d

6d



July
20
1955

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.

The original FOUR SQUARE Vintage Blends are back!

DOBBIE OF PAISLEY are pleased to announce that their Original Vintage Blends are available to discerning pipe smokers once again.

Four Square Tobaccos are back to pre-war quality, free from stalk and manufactured with the inherited skill of the master-craftsmen who have served the independent House of Dobie for 150 years. In spite of rising costs and the use of none but the most costly grades of leaf, they are still the least expensive of good tobaccos.

Four Square smokers of long standing will remember their pre-war qualities and be anxious to smoke them again—but to the post-war pipe man, Four Square Vintage Blends will come as a new and delightful experience.

Ask for the blend of your choice by colour :

RED ::

Finest Virginia tobacco in broken flake form

BLUE ::

An aromatic blend of pure Virginia and Oriental leaf each of the above 4/3½d per 1 oz. vacuum tin

YELLOW ::

A choice blend of Virginia-type tobaccos in broken

GREEN ::

A rich, satisfying blend of fine Oriental and Virginia-type leaf

BROWN ::

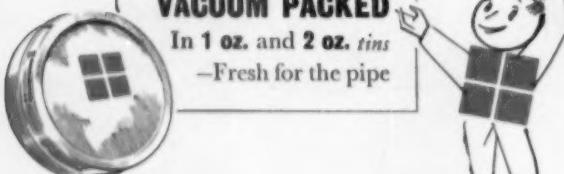
A ready-rubbed fine-cut, toasted to a rich dark brown

PURPLE ::

Small discs of spun tobacco, each a complete blend each of the above four 4/3½d per 1 oz. vacuum tin

VACUUM PACKED

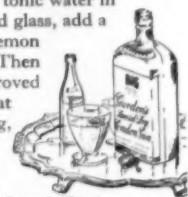
In 1 oz. and 2 oz. tins
—Fresh for the pipe



**THIS is
the Gin...**

**... FOR A PERFECT
GIN AND TONIC**

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*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's *Stands Supreme*

MAX. PRICES: BOTTLE 33/9d · ½ BOTTLE 17/7d · ¼ BOTTLE 9/2d · MINIATURE 3/7d U.K. ONLY

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ANTLER**

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The latest addition to the famous ANTLER Lightweight Soft-Top Range.

SHORT DRESSES
LONG DRESSES

Lid and body are self-contained units, one half for creaseless folding of dresses and suits, the other for underwear, shoes, etc.



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Share Accounts

Two and a half per cent per annum

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Equivalent to £4.6.11 per cent to investors

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"Really, Hugo, this is not exactly the weather to play at Space Men, even if we ARE on the icy slopes of the Purple Planet. And think of your little sister's gold-fish — swimming around in Mr. Hawkins' sink . . . Hawkins! Can you hear me loud and clear? Message begins . . . Bring two large glasses of Rose's Lime Juice, one with gin Strength Three!"



ROSE'S LIME JUICE for Gin and Lime

SHORT DRINK: 3/4 Gin, 3/4 Rose's Lime Juice LONG DRINK: Fill up with soda

Free as a bird in
AERTEX REGD.



SHOWN HERE:
Men's pyjamas
in the MC range
of tiny checks.
They're all-year
rounders; and
their price, 45/6

Birds don't care about
heat or cold; they're
insulated by air trapped in
their feathers. In cellular Aertex you can
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—free as a bird from weather bother.

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air-conditioned
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all year round

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"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir."

Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their cigarettes are available in the world's most famous trains, including, in Great Britain:—

THE ATLANTIC COAST EXPRESS
ROYAL WESSEX • BRISTOLIAN
CORNISH RIVIERA EXPRESS
TORBAY EXPRESS • MANCUNIAN
MERSEYDEE EXPRESS • RED ROSE
ROYAL SCOT • ULSTER EXPRESS
ELIZABETHAN (Summer only)
FLYING SCOTSMAN • AERODONIAN
MASTER CUTLER
EAST ANGLIAN • GRANGE CITY

As every seasoned traveller knows, luxury and ease on his journeys comes not by hazard, but from studied, careful attention to detail. He will observe, too, how often, in such surroundings, **BENSON and HEDGES** cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are the obvious appropriate choice.



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THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

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**WHY
PHILISHAVE**
Rotary Action
GIVES YOU
A BETTER
SHAVE

Most shaving methods don't take into account the vital fact that the hairs on your face grow in all directions. But the 'Philishave's' Rotary Action does! Because the high-speed blades of the 'Philishave' *rotate*, they shave all the hairs, whatever their length and whichever way they grow. That means a *smoother* shave. And because the shaving head's raised rim gently stretches the skin so that the hairs stand upright, each one is removed at skin-level. That means a *closer* shave. There's no pulling at the hairs, either, no tearing, "nicking", or biting. That means a shave that's *easier on your skin*. In fact, 'Philishave' Rotary Action gives you a *better shave all round!* Prove it today — ask your dealer for a demonstration.



PHILIPS
PHILISHAVE

THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE

Wherever you go... go gay!

Who said Englishmen can't be colourful? Not Austin Reed. We've shirts as gaily exciting as any you'll meet on the Riviera, the brightest shades in swimsuits that ever dazzled a mermaid's eye and bathing robes in glorious technicolour. Dozens of other bright ideas. Come in and take your pick of the pick of the holiday wear.

'Amphibious shorts, for prowling on the beach or crawling in the sea, from 35/-.

'Jac' shirt. This year's new idea. A figured design in rayon. Various colours. 55/-.
Silk choker. 25/-.
Coloured shorts from 35/-.
Sandals 30/-.



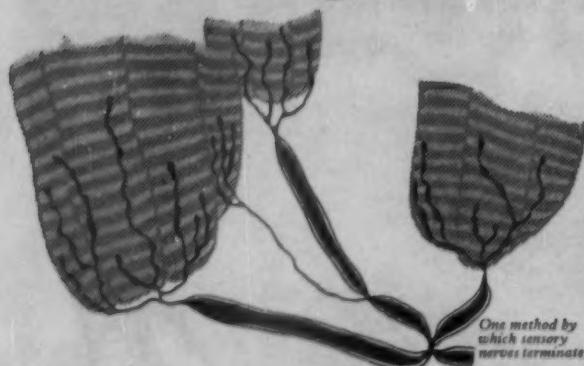
You'll be in the swim in our swim trunks. Wool from 19/6, Nylon from 35/-.

'Sun-Toga', four times as useful as any other garment. You can change inside it, use it as a towel, stretch it out and sun-bathe on it, wear it for going smartly up for your aperitif. Man-sized waterproof pocket for cigarettes and matches. Terry towelling, plain blue or plain white. 42/-.

A U S T I N R E E D
Of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Your Nerves can cause your sleeplessness



Sleeplessness is often the result of emotional stress or unconscious anxiety caused by nervous tension. Rid yourself of this tension, restore the normal equilibrium of your "nerves", and sound sleep should follow automatically.

How Sanatogen helps you

A well-adjusted nervous system depends on healthy, growing nerve cells. These nerve cells need protein and phosphorus to function properly; without enough they "starve", and you suffer accordingly. Sanatogen supplies large amounts of concentrated protein, together with essential phosphorus, to your nerve cells, thus helping to vitalize, strengthen and stabilize your entire nervous framework.

Meditically recommended

Sanatogen is fully recommended by members of the medical profession and widely used by doctors here and abroad. No other preparation gives you what Sanatogen contains, and clinical trials under medical supervision have shown that Sanatogen has an exceptional tonic action.

For all forms of "nerves"

"Nerves" may take many forms—excessive worrying, depression, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of energy, continual tiredness, "run down" conditions, even indigestion. By building up your nervous energy Sanatogen helps you back to full health.

From 6/11. Economical family-size jar available.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC



The word 'Sanatogen' is a registered trade mark of Genatogen Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

(your own) summer-fresh strawberries
at CHRISTMAS!



With the new Coldrator Home Freezer you can have asparagus in November . . . pheasant in May! Frozen when they're at their best — to serve at any time. Easy access! The Coldrator Home Freezer is a vertical model. You can get at everything . . . see everything — shelves have plastic edges where you list all the foods you've stored.

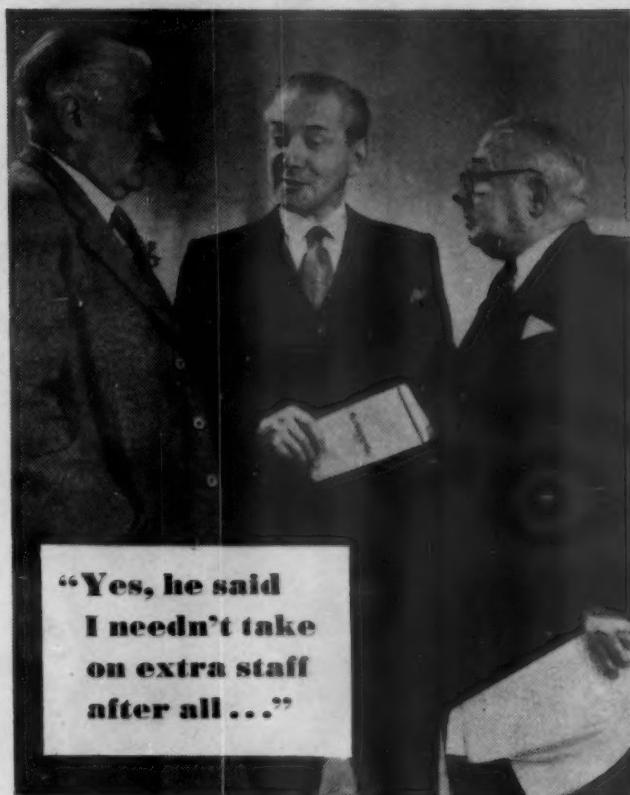
The Coldrator Home Freezer is fully guaranteed. And you get a handsomely illustrated instruction booklet — plus a generous supply of cartons and wrappings for storing all types of food.

deep freeze your own produce with this new

COLDRATOR

home freezer

COLDRATOR Division of the Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co., Ltd.
Peterborough Member of the AEI group of companies



**"Yes, he said
I needn't take
on extra staff
after all..."**

"YOU KNOW when our orders were going up and up? Our accountant told me we might have to take on more staff. So we decided to call in the Burroughs man. It couldn't do any harm and his advice was free . . . As it is, I'm more than glad. He went into the details with our accountant, then showed us how we could mechanize our accounting at low cost — and save a lot of overtime. He certainly knew his job . . ."

The Burroughs man is always at your disposal without cost. He is an experienced adviser on *all* accounting and record-keeping systems, and well qualified to work in co-operation with your accountant and auditor.

He has a complete knowledge of mechanized accounting. But he won't propose changing your accounting methods just to suit certain machines. Rather, after a full analysis of your

problem, he will make proposals for a rapid, economical and *workable* solution.

If he does recommend a new system, he will prepare a detailed plan for it and help you get it working smoothly. He will make sure you continue to get *full* benefit from any Burroughs machine you install.

Whatever your business, large or small—if you have an accounting problem, the Burroughs man can help you solve it. Burroughs make the world's widest range of Adding, Calculating, Accounting, Billing and Statistical Machines and Microfilm Equipment. Call in the Burroughs man as soon as you like—you're committed to nothing and his advice is free. You'll find the number of your nearest Burroughs office in your local telephone book. Burroughs Adding Machine Ltd., Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FOR EXPERT ADVICE ON BUSINESS SYSTEMS

CALL IN THE Burroughs MAN



One Burroughs man solved this problem. The Phonatas Co. Ltd. (weekly telephone cleaning and sterilizing service) have 80,000 separate accounts; until recently, in London and in provincial offices, figures were copied by hand. As this led to errors and delays, they called in this Burroughs man, Mr. J. G. Winterbottom (left). He showed Phonatas how, with two typewriter-accounting machines, and two abbreviated-description accounting machines, they could halve their accounting time, and obtain up-to-date figures — *all without extra staff*.

The 4-cylinder Wyvern

The roomiest car priced at less than £500. Outstanding economy with unusually good performance. 1½ litre engine. Maximum speed over 70 m.p.h. Price £495 plus £207.7.6 p.t.



There's no value like Vauxhall

WYVERN! VELOX! CRESTA!

If you like comfort — and who doesn't? — you'll like Vauxhall. Room for five, six if you like, and *all* their holiday luggage. If you like *value* — and who doesn't? — you'll choose Wyvern (or maybe Velox, or Cresta). If you like handsome proportions, attractive colours, high performance at low cost . . . but let the new Vauxhalls speak for themselves. See them at your Vauxhall dealers now. Enjoy a trial run, and make up your own mind why so many owners are saying "there's no value like Vauxhall".

The 6-cylinder Velox

Outstanding performance with unusually good economy. 2½ litre engine. Choice of seven attractive exterior colours. Maximum speed over 80 m.p.h. Exceptional top gear performance. Price £535 plus £224.0.10 p.t.

All models have "square" engines with 6·5 to 7·3 to 1 compression ratio.

The 6-cylinder Cresta

All the verve of the Velox, plus added luxury in styling and appointments. Choice of 11 colours, including 4 two-colour options. Leather upholstery. Price £595 plus £249.0.10 p.t.



Money is our business



As our customers know well, we do many things besides handling money. But the whole business of banking is founded on notes and coin, and it is still essential that cash should be available wherever it is needed. On an average working day our own cash reserve, spread throughout our more than 2,000 branches, weighs about 2,200 tons, a reasonable enough figure; for after all, money is our business.



Barclays Bank Limited



ROLLAWAY

THE WORLD FAMOUS LIGHTWEIGHT HAT IDEAL FOR BUSINESS
YET CASUAL ENOUGH TO WEAR WITH SPORTS CLOTHES

CHRISTYS' HATS

Obtainable from men's shops everywhere

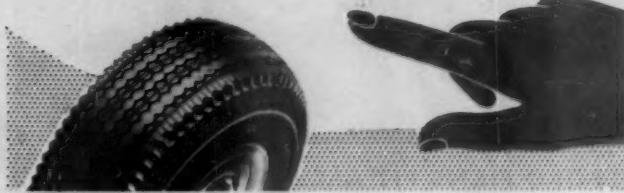
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Tubless
gives security
plus *



★ The new INDIA Tubeless Tyre gives you extra driving confidence. It is the trouble-free, long-mileage safety tyre with a double plus — cool curing, and the extra tough sidewall which India quality guarantees.
INDIA make both Regular and Tubeless tyres—each the same high quality.



I don't feel human



till I've had my

s'Raphael

APÉRITIF

Suddenly, you are a different you . . . a refreshed and thoroughly cheerful you. The reason ? One magic glass of St. Raphaël. There's a *real* apéritif for you: French wines...blended by Frenchmen... seasoned as only the French know how. Delicious with gin—delightful alone. You should try it 22/- a bottle.



In France they drink more St. Raphaël than any other apéritif—Now you can get it here!

SOLE IMPORTERS:
F. S. MATTA LTD., 218/220 WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1



An essential contribution to



the art of gracious living

PERFECTOS FINOS 50's 14/- 100's 29/-
PERFECTOS No. 2 50's 11/- 100's 23/-

JOHN PLAYERS & SONS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD.
(P.P.D.A.)

INGRAM

- ★ CONCENTRATED for economy
- ★ MENTHOLATED for coolness
- ★ ANTISEPTIC for skin health
- ★ SUPER-FATTED for abundant lather

These four points tell the story of an Ingram shave—a tale with no sting in it. Ingram treats your face as it softens your beard, thanks to the copious lather and the lotion it combines. There's nothing cooler, nothing smoother than an Ingram shave. Try Ingram today!

INGRAM combines
its own face lotion

2/8
A TUBE



ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES AND PLACES

Make sure of a well-packed album of exciting Faces and Places by using Ilford films. You can't go wrong with these famous films—they fit all popular cameras and you'll get a good picture every time.



Ewhurst, Surrey
ILFORD FILMS FIT ALL POPULAR CAMERAS



FROM EUROPE TO AMERICA IN UNDER 2 HOURS—

HOW? By going by United States Lines. It's less than two hours from London to Southampton; and the moment you're on board either the Blue-Riband "United States" or her running-mate, the beautiful "America," you're in the U.S.A. itself.

And then? Why, enjoy yourself—and it's impossible not to, aboard these luxurious American liners. A perfectly trained, friendly crew see to your every need. There's an unrivalled cuisine offering Continental as well as

American cooking; dancing every night to superb bands; and the "United States" is the first ship on the North Atlantic to be equipped for Cinema-Scope—in both first and tourist class theatres. But if you want to rest, it's just as easy to find perfect peace and relaxation.

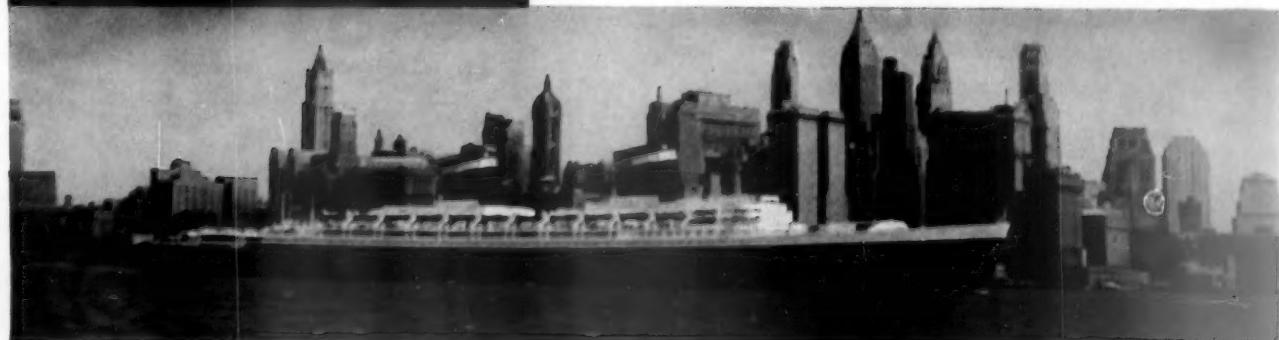
And there's no need to worry about arriving late—the "United States" is the only transatlantic liner with sufficient reserve speed to make up time lost by bad weather.



Your fare is payable in sterling and there are dollar-credits available for your expenses on board.

United States Lines

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR UNITED STATES LINES,
50 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1, 7 THE STRAND, LIVERPOOL



Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'



LONDON'S SOHO: by A. R. Thomson R.A.

They've the world to choose from in Soho

SOHO is probably the most cosmopolitan area in the world, a vortex of the exotic and the mundane. It is a place of world wanderers, where strange yet tempting foods and romantic wines give ease to their nostalgia for their homelands.

Yet here, with the world to choose from, wanderer, exile, and London-born citizen give an especially warm welcome to the little red Brooke Bond van. Pushing its way through thronged narrow streets to grocers and food suppliers of all nationalities, it is a

symbol of one of the pleasures of the British way of life.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond
 *good tea - and FRESH!*

Gather 'Wild Flowers' . . .

In each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets' you will find one of the 'Wild Flowers' picture card series by John Markham, F.R.P.S.





Dog, you're a monster of ingratitude! There you are, living in the lap of luxury, and you try to pretend to me—to me!—that you lead a dog's life. Anyone would think it's all your own cleverness you're in such beautiful condition. As if I didn't give you Bob Martin's every single day . . . which reminds me, it's time you had one, isn't it? Oh, I see. That's why you're looking so reproachful. It's Bob Martin time, of course.

Give him
Bob Martin

The rule is 'One Bob Martin's once a day'!
Bob Martin's Condition Tablets contain vitamins A, B₁, B₂, and D,
with dried whole natural liver.
From chemists, pet shops and seedsmen.

condition!

Seal of perfection on fashion knitwear



THE LABEL 'DYLAN' on woollens means "a new deal" for women. DYLAN labelled knitwear has a soft bloom and handle, does not get matted and hard, won't shrink out of fit.

Makers of branded woollen goods which also carry the DYLAN label are giving you the finest assurance of shrink resistance and washability.

Stevensons (Dyers) Limited, proprietors of the trade mark DYLAN are licensing the use of their shrink-resist processes, and their mark, to manufacturers and processors of wool and wool mixture textiles.



DYLAN is a registered trade mark which denotes that goods carrying the mark are made of wool or mixtures containing wool, have been treated by processes approved by Stevensons (Dyers) Limited and have passed their standards of shrink-resistance. When washed in accordance with the recommended procedures for wool, garments bearing the trade mark DYLAN will not lose or shrink out of fit.

STEVENSONS (DYERS) LIMITED • AMBERGATE • DERBYSHIRE



From a contemporary painting of Jethro Tull

"I must be dreaming!" says Jethro Tull

YOU NEVER HEARD TELL OF JETHRO TULL? His own farm hands always reckoned he was a little mad—but now he is seen as one of the greatest original thinkers about farming that England has ever produced. More than two hundred years ago he told British farmers to drop their prehistoric hand methods, improve their tilth and double their crops by the use of a *horse-drawn hoe* How Jethro would have acclaimed the Fordson Major! It was the coming of Fordson tractors,

more than anything else, that turned Britain during two wars into the most highly mechanised farming country in the world. Today well over half Britain's tractors are Fordsons and this famous British machine is exported to 88 countries, *including America*. Your food would cost more if it were not for the contribution which Ford has made, and goes on making, to the British farmer's splendid development of our oldest industry—agriculture.

"It's a fact!" say



of Dagenham



BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE ROYAL FAMILY
AND GOVERNMENT
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
FORD MOTOR COMPANY LTD

FORD PRODUCTS—THE BEST AT LOWEST COST





CHARIVARIA

NEW designs in Cyprus postage stamps will replace the King George VI series on August 1, and will depict instead the scenery and history of the island—the pine forest at Troodos, Famagusta Harbour and an underground view of a copper pyrites mine. One or two Cypriot philatelists are sad to see the link with this country disappear from the stamps, and hope there may still be time to introduce a design showing Mr. Lennox-Boyd's recent departure against a background of exploding bombs.

Spectrum

BARMEN in Boston night clubs, says a report, are now colouring drinks to match the dresses of lady drinkers, and



no one will envy them their task of keeping abreast of the fashion copy-writer's colour-vocabulary. Even so, parents in Boston may feel a faint twinge of alarm when their daughters come home explaining that they have been looking on the wine when it was elephant.

No Oil Paintings

THE announcement that Winchester College is currently holding an "Exhibition of Old Masters" is thought to be keeping many old pupils away.

Disappointment

RECENT guests of the Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia, a group of English parish priests have given what at first seem heartening reports. "There is peaceful co-existence," they said, "between Church and State." "Markedly cordial" relations prevail between the Church leaders and the

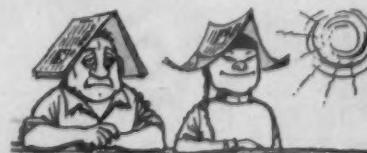
council for the affairs of the Orthodox Church. Russians showed "a friendly interest" in the visit, and they themselves felt "great gratitude." It was only when they added "practising Christians appeared to be about the same proportion of the population as at home" that the gloomy reality showed through.

Talk Him Into It

RUMOURS that he may succeed Lord Woolton in the Conservative Party Chair have been denied by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. J. P. L. Thomas. "I think it is very unlikely that I would be offered the job. It is still more unlikely that I would accept it." Political observers everywhere describe this as the boldest bid for high office since Stevenson said he wouldn't run for President.

Beach Reading

RELAXED in the hot spell, the British public tested the resources of the British Press to the utmost; though the London papers pulled out every stop from atomic fission to the death penalty they produced little effect beyond causing readers to crawl under



them out of the sun. Only the *Birmingham Evening Dispatch* got through the sun-tan lotion, with a piece called "Heat Can Be a Killer" which began: "What is it that causes human beings and animals to die in heat-waves . . . ?"

No Reply

THE Justice of the Peace who advertised in the *Isle of Wight County Press* for a holiday "house or bungalow suitable to his station in life" has got

the readers puzzled. Bus-driver or pork-butcher J.P.s, with nice little places to let for the summer, are hesitant to come forward in case they get a few scathing words from the Bench, while J.P.s of the smaller manor house class, what few remain, feel that if the advertiser should be a pork-butcher or bus-driver he will only be embarrassed.

No Geiger-Counter, Waiter

PROFESSOR FONTAINE, of France, has a word on atomic explosions, which is that anyone who happens to be near one ought to steer clear of caviar as it is particularly liable to become radioactive.



This is just the characteristically excitable French view, of course. It is hoped that any Englishman enjoying caviar in these circumstances will go on eating it and be damned.

Fame in a Name

THE newest headline idiom for spot-lighting celebrities has so accustomed us to encountering Mr. Golf, Mr. Music, Mr. Fashion and so forth that it was disappointing to learn, under the headline "MR. PEACE FIGHTS ALONE," that this was merely the real name of a Bootle docker in some union squabble.

Dressing It Up

AN interesting sidelight on modern industrial life at high level was shed by last week's report that when a company director's home was broken into at Totteridge the loot included "three ties specially made for members of the Board of Trade Middle East Mission in December 1953." Many people probably had no idea that small touches of

this kind went with the rimless glasses, the pigskin dispatch cases and the attitudes specially struck for the airport photograph. Now, when in some glossy restaurant they see tycoon meet tycoon, they will watch with added interest as one of them shrewdly weighs the superior chances of his Old Scientific Council for Africa South of the Sahara (black with a pale white stripe) against the other's Old Anglo-German Economic Talks (eagles on a red-white-and-blue ground).

Worth Trying

LATEST enticement for young newspaper readers is a new strip-cartoon character called Red Devil Dean. The



circulation manager is said to have no idea at present whether this will be a smash hit or a dead loss in Canterbury.

Reason for Everything

WRITERS to the *Daily Telegraph* have expressed anger and bewilderment over the badly dressed men to be seen at fashionable sporting events this year. For instance, at the Royal Richmond Horse Show, "women, almost without exception, were immaculate. Yet also without exception male attire consisted of shabby flannels, an old sports coat or, worse still, a club blazer." A possible explanation, of course, is that the women, almost without exception, were immaculate.

Friendship Song

"But there was a transformation when the Russians were led into a primary school . . . At the sight of the children all four Russians smiled."—*Evening Standard*

OH the Russkies are as human as us
British in their way
In spite of all the nasty things the
politicians say.
Of course they have their slave-camps
and their purges now and then
And their forces total something over
twenty million men,
But the sweetest kind expressions are
implanted on their features
By the kiddies and the old folk and the
dumb, dumb creatures.



IT would be a very sanguine observer indeed who could look at current developments in the South Pole without a moment of trepidation. With Great Britain, America and Russia preparing simultaneous expeditions into Antarctic territory, there can be little doubt that we are on the edge of important events in those barren regions.

It is not surprising that the Antarctic continent should have become a breeding-ground for international tension. On the map, reproduced by zenithal equidistant projection, it resembles nothing so much as a vast Madeira cake with the Pole at the point where the sliver of candied peel should be. Northwards lie the Falkland Islands with their many problems. To the north Australia, and to the north Africa, lie uncomfortably on their sides.

Radiating from the Pole in all directions are the demarcations of the national "slices" into which Antarctica is divided. The sixty-degree segment of the Falkland Islands Dependencies falls to Britain. The next sixty-five degrees clockwise comprise Norway's Queen Maud Land. Australian Antarctic Territory occupies the next entire quadrant, followed by the miserable seven or eight degrees of France's Adélie Land. Another twenty-eight-degree slice of Australian Territory separates this from fifty degrees of New Zealand's Ross Dependency. The

remainder, which includes Marie Byrd Land and James W. Ellsworth Land, is unallocated in the *Oxford Atlas*, but the Edsel Ford Mountains, Rockefeller Plateau and Franklin D. Roosevelt Sea give a pretty broad hint whose influence is uppermost.

Now how does this accord with history? The first Antarctic pioneers were Pierre Bouvet (French) in 1739, and in 1771 Yves Kerguelen-Trémarec (also French, and an onion-vendor if his name means anything). Next came Fabian von Bellingshausen, oddly enough a Russian, in 1820; then Dumont d'Urville, another Frenchman, in 1835. The first American in those parts was Wilkes in 1836; the first Briton, Ross in 1839; the first Norwegians Larsen in 1892 and Christensen in 1894. In 1902 Drygalski, oddly enough a German, named Kaiser Wilhelm II Land (now Australian).

Here is indeed an explosive situation. It is all very well to say that there is nothing to fight for in Antarctica. Whales and prestige apart, there is the coal, a mere two thousand feet through the ice-sheet in the Permo-Carboniferous rocks of the Australian Territory, extending to within three hundred miles of the Pole. The wandering albatross, says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, encircles the continent ceaselessly. Rain is unknown. The South Magnetic Pole lies in Adélie Land, and the French are even now preparing an expedition to secure it. Can it really be maintained that there are no grounds for rivalry at this pregnant pole?

Sir Edmund Hillary, who is taking part in the British expedition, claims there will be none. All the expeditions, he says, are purely scientific, and the nations concerned will lend one another pemmican, huskies, helicopters and so on as necessity arises.

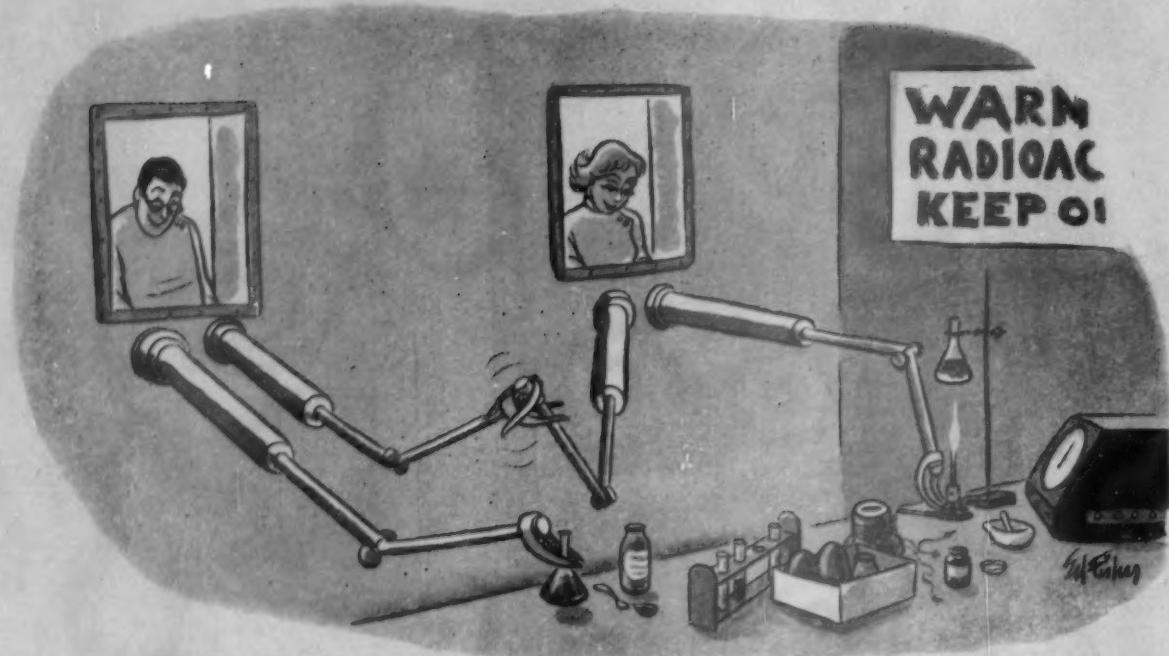
He may be right. But he admits that the Russian expedition is "far more ambitious than we had anticipated"; and he will do well to pack an automatic or two among the stores. It would be awfully unpleasant to fall into an ambush in the middle of the Filchner Barrier with nothing more lethal to hand than a dog-whip.

B. A. Y.





FIDDLERS THREE

Misleading Cases

Regina v. Haddock

By A. P. H.

MR. ALBERT HADDOCK gave evidence to-day in the appeal from his conviction by the justices of Rivertown, under the Act of 1860, for brawling in church.

SIR ANTHONY SLATT, Q.C. (*cross-examining*): Then, I believe, the Vicar said: "Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man?" What happened next?

HADDOCK: I said "As a matter of fact, I do."

SIR ANTHONY: Loudly?

HADDOCK: I believe in speaking up, sir.

MR. JUSTICE PLUSH: Quite right. What should he have said, Sir Anthony?

SIR ANTHONY: My Lord, no words are prescribed. The question "Who giveth . . . ?" is followed immediately by these directions: "Then shall they give their troth to each other in this manner. The Minister, receiving the Woman at her father's or friend's hands, shall cause the Man with his right hand to take the Woman by her right hand," and so on. My lord, in my submission, it is not intended that the "father or friend" shall use any

words: and, in fact, as a rule, he is content to make a formal gesture and quietly stand aside.

THE JUDGE: But how, then, is anyone to know who he is?

SIR ANTHONY: My lord, it is assumed that the person making the gesture—

THE JUDGE: "Assumed"? But he may be an impostor—some violent bully who by duress or drugs is forcing an unwilling woman into a union which is repugnant. I think Mr. Haddock was quite right to make himself, and his consent, manifest. Did he "announce his identity" as the Telephone Book says?

SIR ANTHONY: Yes, my lord. But that, my lord, was not all the accused said.

THE JUDGE: Oh? What else did you say, Mr. Haddock?

THE WITNESS: "I am Albert Haddock," I said, my lord, "the father of this beautiful girl: and I am very glad of this opportunity to say a few words. I may say it's the first chance I've had to say a few words, without insult or interruption, for about six months. It is a singular fact, worthy of study

by the anthropologists, that a month or two before his daughter's marriage, the father, the husband, the bread-winner, who has made the whole affair possible, is afflicted with imbecility—that is, in the estimation of the female members of the tribe. They fuss and buzz about like a swarm of bees, arranging, planning, arguing, advising, whispering in corners, yelling over the telephone, buying this and ordering that. The only person never consulted, never allowed to open his mouth, is Daddy, who 'doesn't understand.' Daddy is only fit for footing the bills. Yes, Vicar, I do give this Woman away, but I'm also giving the wedding-dress, and three, at least, of those horrible bridesmaids' dresses. I can't stand yellow—they all know that. 'Pale blue,' I said, 'anything but yellow,' I said. But oh, no—'Daddy doesn't understand'—and there they are, poor girls, like a clutch of canaries. What's more, I'm giving the party afterwards. I'd like to discuss that. I never know why it's

the bride's father who has to cough up for the reception. I speak feelingly, Vicar, because, as you know, I've seven daughters. Doris is the fourth to get married, and there are still three to go. Next time—and I give you all fair notice—there'll have to be some other arrangement. Fair do's."

THE JUDGE: I have five daughters myself, Mr. Haddock. I know what you mean.

THE WITNESS: Thank you, my lord. Well, "Don't think I begrudge the money," I said, "it isn't that. But if I have to cough up every time, I might at least be allowed to have my way about the bridesmaids' dresses. And about the wine. I don't like champagne—hardly anybody does, if the truth were told. Horrible drink. 'Let's be different,' I said, 'let's have a nice still Hock—or some of that Alsatian. Much better for everybody—and nobody who-matters will

miss those ridiculous bubbles.' But oh, no—it's 'Daddy doesn't understand.'"

THE JUDGE: The Court is with you. But, Mr. Haddock, I am not quite clear. Did you actually say all this?

THE WITNESS: Yes, my lord—or something like it.

THE JUDGE: Excellent. Go on.

THE WITNESS: "And then," I said, my lord, "the extraordinary thing is this. On the day of the race—I mean the match—at the last minute, when the poor bride is hysterical and as likely as not to throw herself out of the window—all the women who have been bossing the show for six months go off to the church and leave her alone in the house. And who with? Why, with the incapable man—the half-witted Father! I can tell you, it was a job to get poor Doris to the starting-gate at all. I had to use the *sal volatile*, and that's a drill I'm not familiar with. How I suffered!"

THE JUDGE: How it all comes back! Go on.

THE WITNESS: It was about then, my lord, that I noticed the Vicar whispering to the Verger who made a stately exit. "However," I said, "thanks to me, we made it."

THE JUDGE: You made what?

THE WITNESS: The starting-gate, my lord. But just as we were coming round the turn into the nave—all in step with the music, and going well—we'd rehearsed it several times, my lord—some lunatic female dashes out of her pew and hisses "You're on the wrong side—you're on the wrong side." "I'm not," I said. "Go away." "I ought to know," she said, "I've done this five times." Then she disappeared. Well, she was wrong, of course, my lord, but it shook me—put us out of step. We get to the top, and I stand there looking like a riderless horse—that's all right—but when we get to my little bit, there's



"After the camellia japonica with the shower."

nothing for me to say. Suddenly I thought "If I've got to go through all this three more times there must be better arrangements."

THE JUDGE: You mentioned this in your address? It was in the nature of a dignified protest?

THE WITNESS: Yes, my lord. "I'm not being obstructive," I said, "I said I'd give Doris away, and so I will, though after all this many a man would change his mind, and where would you all be then?"

THE JUDGE: Mr. Attorney, where would they all have been then?

SIR ANTHONY: Milord, without further instruction, I should not like to say.

THE JUDGE: Very well. And that was all?

THE WITNESS: Yes, my lord. No, my lord, there was one more thing. I'm glad you reminded me. I said a word about the time of these ghastly affairs. Months ago, my lord, I said "Don't have it at two o'clock!" But, of course, Daddy didn't understand, and two o'clock was precisely the time the frantic women chose.

THE JUDGE: Why do you object to that?

THE WITNESS: Well, my lord, just because two young folk want to get married, I don't see why all their friends should be expected to miss a whole day's work and put on tails and toppers at twelve noon! The last

lawful hour for weddings used to be 3.0, but many years ago Parliament very wisely passed a new law permitting them up till 6.0. Well, 5.30 would do very well—that's what we did with June and Joyce. By the time the cake-cutting and all that is over it's a reasonable hour for a drink—even champagne. Three o'clock in the afternoon is a disgusting hour for drinking—especially champagne.

THE JUDGE: I think you're so right.

THE WITNESS: My lord, when the other two were done, we had a nice stand-up supper, with a band and dancing. The bridal pair took the first dance alone—a very pretty picture; and June, I remember, even danced with her contemptible Papa. About 9.30 or 10.0 they tool off to the Savoy, or somewhere, leaving us all happy; and the next day they went abroad. That's the thing. Now, with a two o'clock affair the wretched guests are left high and dry in their ridiculous clothes at half-past four in the afternoon—dressed up for a Midsummer Night's Dream with Titania and Oberon gone. There's nothing to do but have another drink, and after champagne any other drink is lethal. All because the couple insist on rushing off to some foreign country this afternoon. "Heaven knows," I said, "where these two are going—nobody tells Papa, of course—but if they're going to Sicily, why couldn't they go to Sicily to-morrow? After all, they've caused all this costly fuss—they're going to spend their whole lives together, and it wouldn't be a bad thing if they started it by showing some consideration for others. I call it rather selfish." And about then, my lord, Constable Boot stole up the nave and took me away.

THE JUDGE: In my opinion this prosecution should never have been brought. There is, as the Attorney-General has pointed out, this undoubted and surprising hiatus in the marriage

service. Everywhere else all concerned are told precisely what to say and do—"The Man shall answer 'I will'" and so on. Here a question is prescribed but no answer is provided. The question, presumably, has some importance, or it would not be put at all. Some answer therefore must be intended; Mr. Haddock was expected to say something: but what he should say was left to his discretion. It may well be, as he has suggested, that originally this moment was designed as an occasion for the bride's father to deliver a patriarchal address, giving to old and young the benefit of his experience and wisdom. One witness thought that the whole business of "giving away" was a barbarous relic of the father's proprietary interest in his young—the head of the tribe "giving" his daughter in exchange for twenty fat oxen, and so on. I prefer, myself, to think that it is a wholesome safeguard against the malefactor, strengthening the evidence of true consent. But there the question is, and I have only to decide whether what Mr. Haddock said in answer to it was "riotous, violent, or indecent." I think, on the contrary, that what he said, though perhaps insensitive and tactless here and there, was in substance sound and sensible. Certainly, I can find no evidence of anything that amounts to brawling. The Attorney-General, I know, is fussed about "creating a precedent." The Church, he says, is afraid that if Mr. Haddock is discharged all the fathers will do as he did. I have no fear of that: few fathers have the fortitude of Mr. Haddock. Besides, if necessary, the service can be amended. The prosecution is dismissed. All possible costs to be paid by the Crown.



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Domestic, Science, Secretarial, TUTORS,
etc., based on 82 years' personal acquaintance
with many Headmasters and Head-
mistresses."—Advertisement, Daily Telegraph

Lost one or two when they brought the
Burnham Scale in, though.



"Work-ers Playtime!"

My Books

By G. W. STONIER

WE face separation—my books and I. They have become a skyscraper town in the hall, and skirting them one looks down from an indifferent plane. I remember where one or two have gone, a *Teach Yourself Electricity*, a *Views of Arles* on high pinnacles, but really all connection between us has ceased.

At first the empty shelves haunted me. Then they were dismantled, leaving ghost imprints. Pictures flew. A dead spider showed; and its resurrection froze the scalp. Out of the chest of drawers, one by one, drawers vanished.

Dreadful now the echoes among which I pace or sit scratching and tapping (for life must go on): a condemned fowl, but who knows Christmas is coming. One morning the van will draw up, and everything—including books—will go one way, and I another.

* * * * *

I shall miss them. I miss them already, those irregular ranks along which I could frown, or on which—with the irritability of one whose music cannot be far off—I would pounce.

Beware! They want to be taken up, to be read—even despised—to wind their ivy about the crumbling will.

How easy, how reassuring then, to dart after fact!

The Queen Bee—slave or dictator?—harbours on her head a dozen or more parasites, and when the royal attendants lift a drop of the sweet nourishing syrup on which depends the geniture of the hive, these ambushers will lean forwards to steal it.

Or Johnson was *b.* 1649 and *d.* 1703—no, I'm wrong: that was "Samuel Johnson, political writer," whereas the Johnson, "moralist, essayist, lexicographer, &c. of a bookseller at Lichfield," lived 1709-1784.

Or *peat*, "vegetable matter decomposed by water and partly carbonized by chemical change," is found to be also "a pet of a woman" (1568) and a bare thirty-one years later "term of obloquy for a woman"—some decomposition there.

Endlessly beguiling are the paths of discovery. O bright fact! Yet of all libraries one hates most the informative.

Mine inherently isn't that—I suppose it would be called a library since it

contains two thousand volumes. But have I chosen them, or did they choose me? Why have I got all George Eliot in dull red? (She was a war bargain, when tastes were high and texts rare, in Salisbury.) Why all—or quite enough—Shaw in one volume? Why *The Arte of Poesie* and Whitaker 1940? Why three copies of *Crime and Punishment*, when in all foreseeable circumstances two should suffice?

And why, side by side, Frank Harris and the Rev. William Barnes? Together—the stink and the fragrance—they have rubbed covers these eleven years, while I never lifted a finger to read or dispartner them. Oh, well, in all the packings and months of storage ahead, they'll be shuffled.

And so will a scattered and tattered Crabbe—whose son lost a couple of chapters when the shelves were repainted—and the De Quinceys, half a dozen of which I could always summon up, but never the right ones.

They move, and so does—or do—Proust. I have him in all forty-seven volumes or whatever it is—*temps perdu*—*temps retrouvé*—though never by me: his has been the worst insult one can offer a writer, *not to cut him*. He is reserved (I tell myself) for that long illness when, in bed, I shall seek the compensation of all his beds, taste the wafer at auntie's, dawdle along by

Swann's, catch the little tune, and the long, long rest of it . . . once, with an operation for Dubitant's contracture, I got as far as the *jeunes filles en fleur*, only to be told by a visitor, apparently versed in such matters, that they weren't *jeunes filles* at all.

But for the books I might sometimes yearn after, friends seem to have had an unerring eye. They have taken Baudelaire and left Sir Henry Newbolt; Binstead and Wyndham Lewis and half Chekhov have fled; I no longer have Hopkins but only Lahey on Hopkins; my Grandvilles—animals and flower women, insect politics, other worlds—all are gone, and smug Thackeray remains.

Poor Lawrence (D.H.) I rather love and I leave him around, hoping he will find a nice new home. But he won't go. Pleading, wincing, his eyes return.

With so many lost, what have I stolen in their place? Baedeker's *Great Britain* (1924) falling to bits, the *Collected Poems of Gilbert Frankau*, the *Second Omnibus Book*, *How to Draw Horses*, Mr. Charles Morgan's *Sparkenbroke*, *Madame de Longueville*, by Mrs. Alfred Cock—some of these, surely, I can't have stolen: people have slipped in and left them. Or in the confusion of the moment I have waistcoated the treasure next to the one I had an eye on.

* * * * *

Opening one of the few books left to me—Mr. Cyril Connolly's *The Condemned Playground* supporting a table leg, with the table gone—I notice he has a "My Books." (Also that diamond of a novelette—"Where Engels Fears to Tread.") But how different are his! He has only to glance along his shelves to find all in levée, the favourites thick, the past with new decorations, the future attendant, even the bad book dropped in by choice. They reflect him down to the last wink and wrinkle.

Mine, when I look at them, look glum, or collapse.

The four months' separation should do us both good. So away, for me, to a furnished flat with the telephone book; and a dark depository at Chiswick for them. I wonder if I'll need them as they need me!

A crash from the hall. Proust, no doubt.



The Incredulity of Colonel Mumph

By CLAUD COCKBURN

ALMOST all, and certainly all the very best, of the people who really were working for our Intelligence Agencies escaped, one is happy to say. Charges of "collaboration" subsequently bruited are ridiculous. They had their job to do, and they did it. The fact that one of them acted as Under-Secretary of a Department of the Martian Government is neither here nor there. He was at work.

And when the Martians finally were pushed off the planet his report on their attitude, what we term their "mentality," was very illuminating indeed. It proved absolutely that their attitude and mentality were not very nice. It was one of those things we needed to know.

The people who really got it in, if one may say so, the neck (reminiscently of that man in Japan, much earlier, who said truthfully but incredibly that he genuinely and absolutely was merely paid by the British Council to get the Japanese public thinking seriously about the Baconian theory) were a lot of chaps who, because they were not being paid from the Secret Fund, thought it was all right for them to explain to the Martians—once it was evident that they had taken over—what they were "really doing."

It didn't—and this is the startling and terrible thing we have learned about Martian mentality—really work. To put it crudely, the Martians didn't believe a word of it. They claimed it was a cock and bull story. That was what they had the barbarity to say to our chaps—M.P.s, Publicity Agents, Trades Union officials, Heads of Boards, and so on—standing there in the dock and telling the simple truth.

You could see the way things were going to go, sense the non-understanding quality of these Martians right from the moment of the first investigation of Earthian Colonel Mumph by Martian Colonel Mumph.

Colonel Mumph explained, very straightforwardly, that what he did for a living was—being an ex-Padre—act as adviser on sex to a Sunday newspaper, and he stated that they paid him £2,750 per annum for so doing.

Mumph, a barbarian if ever I saw one, at this point lost his temper and started to yell hysterically. What he really said

one does not, naturally, know, but what the interpreter said he said was: "Cheese it, you oaf. That can't be. Come again."

Humph, maintaining dignity, tried to explain about the relationship of the British Press to Sex and all that—and he even said his piece about Graham Greene and such—but it was no good with Mumph. Mumph said it was evident that all this was an impudent imposture, and that Humph must really be paid by the Secret Fund.

And no sooner had Humph been carried out protesting than here on the stand—the trials took place at Tintern Abbey—was Colonel Sumph, who said that he had nothing whatever to conceal, no connection of any kind with any sort

of secret fund. He was simply paid £8,000 per annum for seeing to it that British coal production went up and up, and that everyone in that industry was happy and hard-working.

Mumph's face was, as they say, a study. He thought, and later he said, that Sumph was being so impudent that he deserved to be atomized right away. He controlled himself, however, and started a long interrogation about the coal situation. Was more coal really being produced? Was the price going down all the time the way it was supposed to do when they first gave Sumph the job? Were relations between the Government, the miners, and the consumers of this product noticeably better than they had been before Sumph took over?

Of course Sumph said of course not.



And he pointed out, very rightly, that if conditions had been such that anything like that could possibly have happened it would have been entirely unnecessary to have a Coal Board in the first place.

Mumph, one is bitterly sorry to report, passed away in the notorious Slave Labour Camp at Selsey Bill.

Colonel Lumph—who at that time really was Chairman of the Arts Council, and said as much to this Mumph—was the next of our fellows to appear, and I am afraid it was somewhat of a bad show. Lumph said that what he got paid for was organizing exhibitions. And Mumph said "As for instance?" So Lumph said "Well, as for instance with wire. Pieces of wire, and then the newspaper men are on the telephone and you say such and such. Good publicity, you know," Lumph said.

Once again Mumph flatly refused to believe our man's story. It was, he said, a patent and barefaced lie. And then he got into a tremendous huff and said that so far as he could see all the British prisoners were telling bare-faced lies.

Was it, he asked, even credible, let alone likely, that the British public really was paying all these people to do the things they said they were doing?

Mumph ran through a file of names, and he named a leading publisher who claimed he existed without support of any kind from the Secret Fund, and a couple of lawyers who, although none of their clients had benefited by so much as a halfpenny from their activities, still stuck to it that they got paid for what they did at what they described as "The Bar" and not from the Secret Fund.

Mumph had them dragged out of the Court immediately and they were in Selsey Bill before you could say Jack Robinson.

Bumph, at that time Chairman of the T.U.C., tried to put up a bit of a stand—actually seemed to believe that Mumph would believe his story that the T.U.C. really thought him worth his money, and thus put up his annual salary, without reference to the Secret Fund.

By this time the trial was getting big headlines on Mars, and Mumph thought Bumph was good value from this point of view and kept him at it—asked all sorts of crazy sounding questions such as What does a British Trade Union really do? And if that's what you say you do why the devil should anyone pay you for doing it?

Bumph, taken aback because he

hadn't realized what Martian mentality is really like, at once got tied up in some fearful lot of rot about the Tolpuddle Martyrs—Gaitskell and all that lot—and it was quite a while before Mumph could call the whole gathering to order and say "Look here, Bumph, be good enough to tell us just exactly what you are in favour of and against what you are."

Bumph at once issued a protest to the United Planets—UPO it was called in those days—and said he reserved his defence. So they shot him down to Selsey Bill, and that was the last anyone saw of him.

* There is, unfortunately, no need to remind anyone of what happened just after that when a man got up and said that, contrary to report and rumour, he was not paid by the Secret Fund to work against the Martians but was simply a man paid to organize what he described, rather foolishly, as "commercial" television shows in the country. He stated that he was paid to do this.

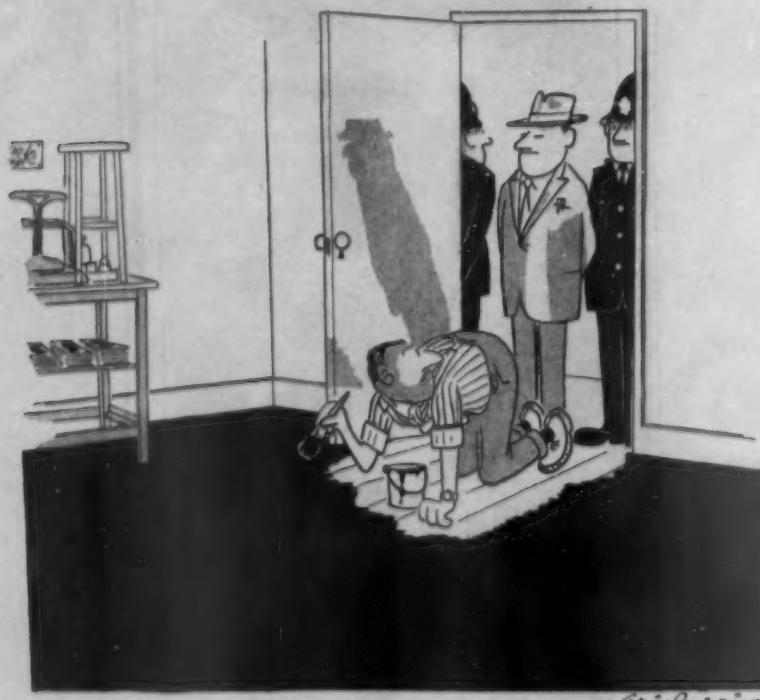
Mumph's patience was by this time finally at breaking point. He told this man—whose name was Trumph—to describe in exact detail, under threat of immediate torture and execution, the alleged workings of the British television business.

Trumph, utterly misled by Mumph's bland manner, went to it. He really did tell the story of what the British television business thought it was up to.

Selsey Bill.

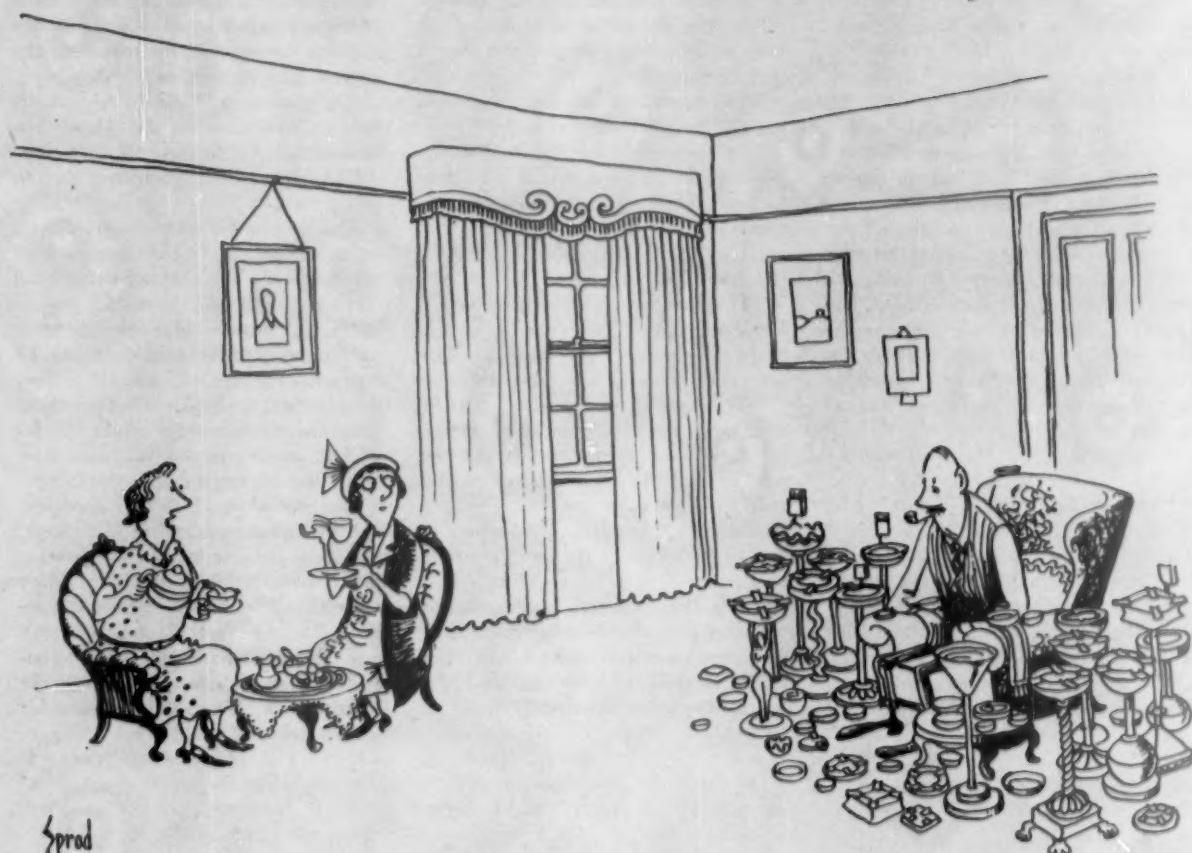
You know and I know what happened next—and there is no need to recount here the story of how those Martians finally succumbed to the forces of etc., etc., etc.

Yet to-day, as you walk with head erect and a madrigal in your heart from place to place, spare an occasional thought for those inmates of the hospital—those emaciated publishers, those nearly wrecked M.P.s and the others—who miraculously survived the brief period of the dominancy of Colonel Mumph.



"Bishop Hand said there was still a need for missionaries in New Guinea where in some parts the natives still ate each other." *Spenborough Guardian*

Missionaries are supposed to be good for scurvy.



"Can't have too many ash-trays about the house—that's what I always say."

General, Good-night (1905) : *From "Fifty Years," by Jean P. M*qq*nd*

I do not consider this story too bad an attempt for a boy of ten. Of course, Book Clubs, not yet thought of when I wrote it, have since become a literary institution; nor would I, now, choose a British subject for my chief character, but in those days "Englishmen," as I believe they prefer to call themselves, were fashionable with readers of the commercial periodicals for which the story was designed. Nevertheless, writers are still writers, and many of them still wish they had been generals instead.

HOWEVER hard he tried to disguise his origin you could tell Smyth-Robinson was a Britisher a mile away. He had exchanged the monocle characteristic of

the breed to which he belonged for a pair of tortoise-shell rims more in keeping with the nationality he had wisely adopted, but the blond hair, pink complexion, and greyhound build gave him away at once.

Mr. Winterbottom, who had been detailed to welcome him, felt a slight twinge of apprehension as he went forward to greet the newcomer. Mr. Winterbottom had been a member of the Selection Board of the Book-of-the-Fortnight Club for going on seven years now, and during that whole period no one who was not a native born American had ever been appointed to a vacancy. On the other hand, Smyth-Robinson had recently become an American citizen and his critical work had

attracted a fair amount of attention from responsible people on both sides of the Atlantic. It all depended on how he shaped up at this first meeting of the Board. That, and on the general's reactions, of course.

"Mr. Smyth-Robinson, isn't it?" said Mr. Winterbottom, with a nervous smile.

Smyth-Robinson shot out a bony freckled hand.

"Mr. Winterbottom, I guess," he said. "Well, I sure am plumb happy to shake your mitt, old-timer!"

Mr. Winterbottom's heart sank. He knew that the general would not view this version of the American accent and the vocabulary that Smyth-Robinson had adopted to go with it at all

favourably, to say the least. He decided to take a firm stand straight away, before any real harm could be done.

"Mr. Smyth-Robinson," he began, and cleared his throat.

"Yep, old timer? Say, this is bully!"

"It is perhaps, if I may be allowed," Mr. Winterbottom said, "a trifle unwise to—er—venture into the native idiom until you have fully assimilated our cultural heritage, or to employ the short 'a,' for example, when addressing the general. He might misunderstand, and believe that you were indulging in some form of pleasantry. The general is a Harvard man himself, and invariably uses the broad 'A' in conversational exchanges."

"The general?" Smyth-Robinson said.

"The President of our club," Mr. Winterbottom told him. "He is always referred to as the general."

"I knew he had been in the army," Smyth-Robinson said, "but I didn't know he'd got up that high."

Mr. Winterbottom heard with relief that he had reverted to the accent which came more natural to him.

"Perhaps I should explain," he said. "The general's actual rank, during the term of his military service, was that of first lieutenant, but—"

"You mean he's not really a general at all?" Smyth-Robinson said.

"An honorary rank," Mr. Winterbottom said. "A courtesy title. Accorded to him out of respect for his achievements in other fields."

"The Pulitzer Prize?" Smyth-Robinson said.

"That among other distinctions," Mr. Winterbottom answered. "But I'm afraid we must make haste. The general's a stickler for punctuality."

"Bit of a bally martinet, what?" Smyth-Robinson said, and he grinned. Mr. Winterbottom did not care for the grin or for the appreciative whistle which had preceded it.

"Precisely," he said. "Now here is our board-room. If you'll permit me . . ."

As Mr. Winterbottom had feared, the two other judges were already seated at the long polished table before the stacked-up parcels of books, and the general was in his chair at its head.

"Mr. Smyth-Robinson," Mr. Winterbottom announced, and clicked his heels together smartly. "Our new member, general and gentlemen."

"At ease, gentlemen," the general said. "Welcome to the Mess, Mr. Robinson."

"Thanks a lot," Smyth-Robinson said.

The general's smile, already frosty, began to fade. A slight frown wrinkled his forehead. "Thanks what?" he asked at length.

"A lot," Smyth-Robinson said.

"It is customary to address me by my rank," the general said. He did not raise his voice, but Mr. Winterbottom felt a shiver go down his spine.

"Oh, sorry," Smyth-Robinson said. "I mean, sorry, general."

The general stared at him curiously. Smyth-Robinson, meeting his glance, took in also the silver hair and moustache, both trimmed close in the military manner. The general's clothes had the cut indicating West Point as opposed to points west and he was wearing all his campaign ribbons. There was the Pulitzer Prize ribbon, and the *Saturday*



Evening Post Star, and the motion-picture academy-award-winning ribbons for various novels of his that had been adapted for the screen, and others that Smyth-Robinson failed to identify. He could see, however, the general's interesting new cocktail shirt of khaki silk, with the words "I Am a Harvard Man" picked out on it as a motif in gold thread.

"You may take up your positions, gentlemen," the general said at length. "Forward march, Mr. Winterbottom. Kindly proceed with your duties. Enough time has been wasted already."

Mr. Winterbottom approached the stack of books. It was his task to unseal each separate parcel and display its contents, first to the general, then to each member of the Board in turn, always provided the general did not veto the book at first glance. This he now proceeded to do forthwith, with the very first volume to be revealed.

"A collection of short stories, gentlemen," the general said. "It need not detain us. As I know from experience, this sort of dexterity finally uses up all of one's creative inventiveness. Stick to books, Joseph Lewis Vance once told me, and don't knock yourself out with too many short stories."

Smyth-Robinson leaned forward in his chair. "I beg pardon, sir."

"Yes, Mr. Robinson?" the general said, and his brows came together.

"It's Louis Joseph Vance, sir. Not Joseph Lewis Vance."

Mr. Winterbottom was case-hardened to the erudition of his colleagues, but he could not restrain a gasp. Not one of them had ever dared to contradict the general point-blank over a point of fact. Yet when the general finally broke the silence his voice was gentle, almost caressing.

"Mr. Robinson," he asked, "where did you go to school?"

"Harrow, sir," Smyth-Robinson answered.

The general did not lose his self-control. "I asked where you went to school?"

"The general is inquiring what university you attended," one of the other judges told Smyth-Robinson sharply.

"Oh, the Varsity," Smyth-Robinson said. "I see, sir. Well, I was at bally old Cambridge, don't you know."

The general's face began to flush



darkly. "Do you realize, Mr. Robinson, that Harvard is in Cambridge? You doubtless mean that you are a graduate of Cambridge College, England?"

"Well, approximately, old top," Smyth-Robinson said. "I mean, general."

The general took no notice of the slip. "And did they not teach you at Cambridge, Mr. Robinson, never to correct a superior officer over minor factual details? I do not deny, Mr. Robinson, that I was wrong about the name"—you couldn't say that the general was ever unfair—"It was Louis Joseph Vance. I will not, none the less, overlook such a breach of discipline again. Next book, Mr. Winterbottom, please!"

Mr. Winterbottom held up the volume dumbly. The general glanced at it, but did not reach out to take it in his hands. His face did not reflect so much as a flicker of triumph, though his gaze had become a trifle more intent. "Cambridge Days," he said softly, "by some gentleman named Smith—or is it Smyth-Robinson. A most curious coincidence. The kind that I used, when less experienced, to introduce into short stories intended for the so-called 'smooth' periodicals. I don't think we need waste any of our valuable time on these effete memories of a British institute of learning. The wastepaper-basket, Mr. Winterbottom."

Mr. Winterbottom, obeying the order, did not dare to turn his head in the direction of Smyth-Robinson's seat. A feeling of nausea almost overcame him. Then, in the sudden silence that had fallen, he heard the general's voice.

"I trust you don't suspect me of any prejudice or ulterior motive, gentlemen?" he said. "Rest assured that the very next book to be unwrapped will be treated in exactly the same way."

Mr. Winterbottom whipped sharply round. The next book, as he well knew, did not need to be unwrapped. The oak-leaves and stars of rank, entwined to form the general's own monogram upon the parcel, made this unnecessary. The general, naturally, had known this too, but when Mr. Winterbottom looked across at him, only a fleeting twist of the stern lips under the close-clipped military moustache betrayed any emotion he may have felt. For he was a Harvard man and an army man, after all, and his voice did not falter as he said: "The wastepaper-basket, Mr. Winterbottom. And now, gentlemen," he glanced towards Smyth-Robinson with the faintest flicker of a smile, "a slight break while we join together in the old club theme-song. Come on now: 'Did you know that, while 'A's are broad at Harvard, the 'O' in Boston's sounded as 'Or'?'?"

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

London Revisited



AS the five-bob bus ride from Heathrow came to an end and we swung into the air terminal at Victoria I got my first breath of fresh London air.

It was good to hear King's English spoken again. "Oi," said the B.O.A.C. porter to his Trades Union companion, "got me 'orse in. Two bob on the nose." Then as an afterthought he asked me whether I wanted a taxi. With a little whistling and a few more "Ois" this contraption pulled up. The driver looked like a vulture on the Tower of Silence. He had that aggressive look on his aquiline face.

I pulled out a few coins from my pocket, left-overs from the last trip. I gave the porter a shilling.

He looked at me and at the shilling in the open palm of his hand and then back at me—a radar signal for more. I did as I was told.

"That's better, sir," he said, making me feel already confident that I was picking up manners and customs so soon after my arrival.

"Where to, sir?" said the beak-nosed driver.

"The Porchester," I said.

We drove through endless squares

and streets and the Park—to the Porchester, a tall impressive, neo-Georgian building, typical architecture of the late 'thirties.

A green-uniformed doorman, wearing a black top-hat, like the one Aly Khan wears for Ascot, opened the door. He was glad to see me again, asked kindly about my travels, unloaded my bags.

I went straight to the reception desk. The receptionist, a young woman in a black dress, recognized me from the last occasion. "Have we booked a room for you?" she asked. That was to have been my question—but before I could put in a word she turned around, addressed a Mr. Bloom, who indicated with a wave of his hand that he was too busy. "But, Mr. Bloom . . ."

Mr. Bloom had other more pressing problems on his hand, and the receptionist indicated with a shrug of her feminine shoulders that that is how it was.

"We are all booked right through to Christmas, and even then I don't know if we could take you in," she said, ruffing her nut-brown hair. At least it was reassuring to know I was wanted—at Christmas.

"Just a minute," she said as an idea struck her. "Now let me see. The

By D. F. KARAKA

Picasso suite comes vacant . . . Mr. Bloom, when is the Picasso suite coming vacant?"

Mr. Bloom couldn't say. A famous Hollywood actress was in it and with these stars you never could say. Up one day and fired the next.

"But you wouldn't want that, would you?" she said in an intimate sort of way. "Twenty-eight guineas a day. Not worth it, really." She dropped her voice low at her last remark lest Mr. Bloom heard.

"Is that with or without breakfast?"

"Without, of course. But you can have breakfast. There's an extra charge of a guinea if you have it in the Picasso suite. We like to keep it exclusive."

While I was translating guineas into rupees a deputation arrived at the reception desk headed by a little American in a big-check suit, aged around fifty-five. He also had a big hook nose and a commanding presence. Behind him were three or four Americans in small-check suits and slightly smaller hook noses.

The girl at the reception said a quick "Excuse me" to me and beamed a broad welcoming smile.

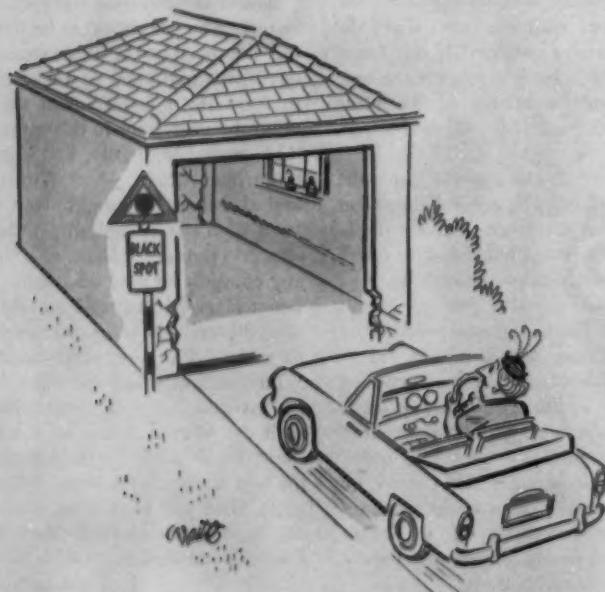
"Mister Bernstein!" she said in an emotional falsetto. At first I thought he was some sort of relation of hers, but with the disparity of noses I ruled out that idea.

"Yep, that's me," Mr. Bernstein replied. "Back again. Just a few days' business. Must get back home Toosday. Business is business," he added, turning to the boys with the little hook noses, all of whom reacted immediately, even though "as with some contemporary English funny papers' cartoons" the joke was not so obvious to me.

Mr. Bernstein registered. Actually he merely scrawled a big B on the line on the form which said SIGNATURE, leaving it to one of the boys with the little hook nose to fill in the name, address, sex, etc.

Mr. Bernstein swept past, with the nut-brown-haired girl, key in hand, leading the way. Even Mr. Bloom interrupted his pensive mood to produce a "How-do-you-do, Mr. Bernstein."

I waited for the nut-brown girl to



return. "Don't see what I can do for you," she said, still helpfully. Once again she looked at Mr. Bloom, but he was still busy.

"Who was that?" I asked, a little awed.

"Mr. Bernstein? He is Vice-President of the American Peanut Vendors Association."

"Vice-President." I re-checked.

"Yes," she said. "He's a big shot really."

Just then another interruption occurred. In swept a dignified American woman with pale powder-blue hair, a diamond clasp on a gorgeous Paris-fashioned custom-made dress and an emerald-bead rosary wrapped around her right forearm.

"Yes, madam," the receptionist said, following a brisk "Excuse me" to me.

Fixing her spotlessly white teeth into position, the lady introduced herself: "I am Mrs. A. B. Smith," emphasizing the initials to show that among the Smiths of Long Island—her home town, so I noted from the address—she came fairly high up in the telephone directory.

Mrs. Smith, while filling in the registration form, volunteered a lot of vital information. Her husband was not with her on this trip. He was busy. Amalgamated Brassieres Inc., of which he was Vice-President, was doing too well. There was a big demand from Israel, but shipping through Cairo was difficult.

Mrs. Smith swept her way slowly to the suite booked for her. Yes, it was facing the Gardens as she wanted it. It didn't matter what it cost, because the currency in which she would pay was hard and could stand it.

Back from her second expedition, the nut-brown girl returned.

By now I gathered that the Porchester, which once put a premium on our Indian rajas and maharajas, English dukes and Spanish marquises, had acquired more democratic values. Self-made men and their wives were getting priority now.

I bid for my accommodation again.

I said "Miss, I was President of the Oxford Union. Not the Vice-President, the President. Would that help in getting me a room, preferably with a bath?"

Mr. Bloom shook his head at that. Unions were not popular in Britain these days.



"All right! All right! Top billing and 50% of the takings!"

Breakfast With Gerard Manley Hopkins

"Delicious heart-of-the-corn, fresh-from-the-oven flakes are sparkled and spangled with sugar for a can't-be-resisted flavour." —Legend on a packet of breakfast cereal

SERIOUS over my cereals I broke one breakfast my fast

With something-to-read-searching retinas retained by print on a packet; Sprung rhythm sprang, and I found (the mind fact-mining at last)

An influence Father-Hopkins-fathered on the copy-writing racket.

Parenthesia-proud, bracket-bold, happiest with hyphens,

The writers stagger intoxicated by terms, adjective-unsteadied— Describing in graceless phrases fizzling like soda-siphons

All things crisp, crunchy, malted, tangy, sugared and shredded.

Far too, yes, too early we are urged to be purged, to savour

Salt, malt and phosphates in English twisted and torn,

As, sparkled and spangled with sugar for a can't-be-resisted flavour,

Come fresh-from-the-oven flakes direct from the heart of the corn.

ANTHONY BRODE

Practically Everybody Slept Here

By ALEX ATKINSON

SOME people in Brixham have been talking to reporters about a chair they won't part with because Churchill sat on it one night in the Forum Cinema, Devonport, and they are obviously naive beginners. I'll bet that chair is the only thing they have that anyone would travel more than five hundred miles to look at, or pay more than twenty-seven-and-six a head to touch. I can see their place now in my mind's eye, with nice clean curtains, and a tea-trolley, and good sensible three-piece suites, and plenty of books and flowers, and photos of relations, and a few tasteful pictures—and then this chair, all by itself, in a corner, with the inscribed silver plaque let in at the back and a small searchlight playing down on it from a shelf on the dado. And nothing else at all of the slightest moment. By heaven, I'd like to show them *my* place.

You can barely move for eminent bric-à-brac in my place. I have a plank fourteen feet long, for a start, which once formed part of the flooring of a hut in southern Italy. Montgomery dropped a stub of pencil on it in 1944, and I narrowly escaped demotion for tearing it up at dead of night with my bare hands and somebody else's bayonet. I then wrapped it in several thicknesses of gas-cape and buried it in the woods. Great was my rejoicing six years later when, after going without solid food since V.E. Day, I was able to travel back,

third class, and dig it up. If the corporal who, I happen to know for a fact, pocketed the actual stub of pencil will contact me, I am ready to make him a handsome offer for it, providing it has not been sharpened or otherwise defaced in the meantime. If anyone else can give me any clue to its whereabouts a reward will be forthcoming. It was yellow, hexagonal, slightly chewed at the blunt end, approximately two and a quarter inches long, and very likely HH.

Then there is my little stray doggie. It ran out on to the pitch at Wembley during a Cup Final some years ago, and greatly amused the Royal spectators. I was fortunate enough to be able to catch it when it was chased off by a linesman, and although it is now barely able to stand without assistance, I wouldn't sell it if I were starving. It is quite happy, curled up all day on a knitted jumper Zoë Newton once picked up from a counter in Harrod's and then decided not to buy. (A sharp-eyed cousin got *that* for me, and charged me ten guineas which I paid off at a guinea a month.)

Apart from this cousin I have quite a few other people working for me, scattered about the country. You may think that is cheating, but believe me you have to be ruthless in this life if you're going to get anywhere at all. It was a helper in Harrogate who secured for me the counterfoil of the ticket

issued to Anton Walbrook when he visited the local Rep in dark glasses. It will fade, I suppose, but I have had it photographed. Another spy (in Lime Grove) sent me a bottle containing some of Wilfred Pickles' tears. I am sometimes dubious about these, although it is not a large bottle. But I comfort myself with the thought that if I can't be absolutely certain, nobody else can either.

Pride of place in my collection at the moment goes to a divot made by the Duke of Edinburgh's polo pony. A Mrs. Humble got this for me, and a risky job it was. "Everyone else," she explained in a covering letter, "was busily stamping divots *down*. With great presence of mind I rushed out and picked this one *up*, and popped it in my string bag. It was made by the off fore-hoof." I have had it mounted on a piece of mahogany, and it is the first thing people ask about when they enter the dining-room. The second thing they ask about is a small bunch of monkey-hair nailed to the wall. The expenses involved in obtaining this treasure were considerable, and I don't intend to go into the details of how it came into my possession. Let it be sufficient to say that this hair came from an ape which once greatly amused the Royal children in Gibraltar.

I have set aside a whole display cabinet for eminent tea-cups. They are homely, unpretentious cups, and they have all been used by Prime Ministers, Royal persons, or stars of stage, screen and television on unexpected visits to humble council houses up and down the country. One is cracked (a *very* homely touch), and one bears traces of actual common-or-garden lipstick.

In the space at my disposal I can't hope to list all my pieces, but I hope I have shown I am a man to be reckoned with when it comes to souvenirs. If those people down in Brixham would like to change their minds about that chair, I may consent to do a deal with them. I am prepared to offer four-and-sixpence or a match-box containing ash from Princess Margaret's cigarette, swiped from an ash-tray in the Empress Club. Or, if they prefer it, they could have a twopence-halfpenny stamp and a genuine lock of my hair.



"Psst!—mark your card, sir?"

Paranormally Speaking

By H. F. ELLIS

NOTHING but good can come of the free and frank discussion between nations of ghostly occurrences and paranormal phenomena generally. We tend to be too insular in these matters. A Bulgarian ghost, to take a phantom at random, may well be quite different from ours. Swiss ghosts, one suspects, are often roped together, and only clank when seated in spectral rack-and-pinion coaches driven by headless motormen. To a Greek, an ordinary English ghost, properly sheeted, would look like Demosthenes; and in Morocco it might pass altogether without remark.

A great opportunity for widening international understanding in the phenomenal field appeared to be afforded by the current conference of the New York Foundation of Para-Psychology, held (by courtesy of the British Society of Psychical Research) at Newnham College, Cambridge, and attended by twenty-nine delegates, mostly from universities in Europe and America. Subjects on the Agenda included "Poltergeists: History and Methods of Investigation" and "Phantasms of the Living and the Dead: the Traditional Method of Research." But the opportunity has, in large measure, been wantonly cast away by the decision of the conference to exclude all pressmen and visitors and to hold their meetings in secret session. If the following account of its deliberations (sent by our representative, who got in with great difficulty disguised as a Doctor of Demonology from Leipzig and was eventually betrayed by his accent) is scanty and inaccurate, the conference has only itself to thank.

* * * * *

THE SPANISH DELEGATE: Well-authenticated cases of mule-bells following *bona fide* travellers in the Sierra de Guadarrama are on record in the proceedings of my Society. When they turned round there was nothing there.

A PROFESSOR OF PARA-PSYCHOLOGY AT VIENNA: Ghastly.

THE RUSSIAN DELEGATE: We know nothing of such goings-on in my country. I have many times been awoken by the rumble of tanks and on looking out of my window have

counted up to two hundred, which in Russian takes much time. In the morning, although it was snowing, there were no tracks. It is proved. The matter is not for discussion.

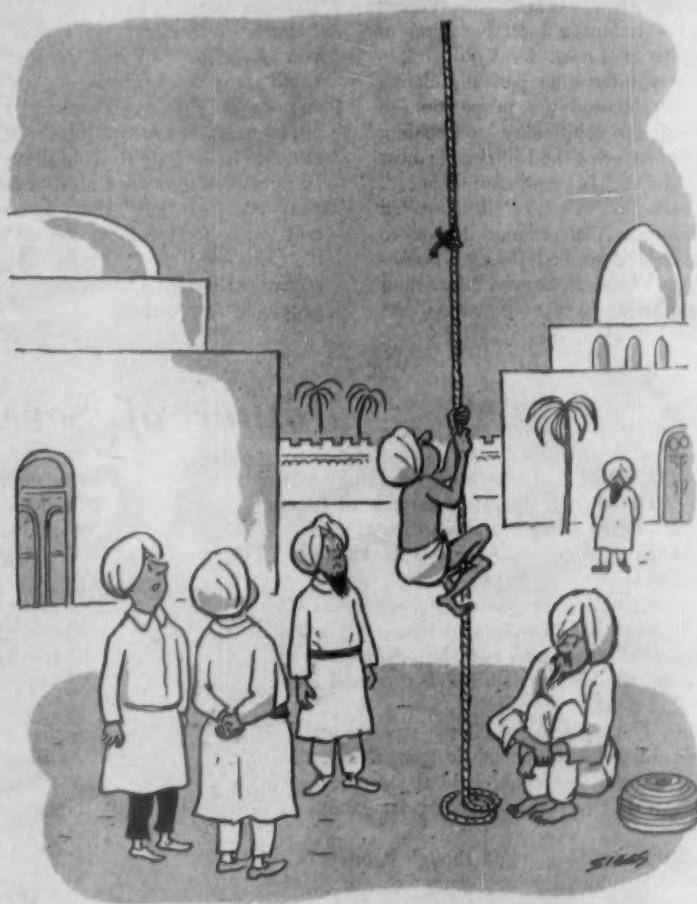
A CAMBRIDGE DON: I say, have any of you fellows been haunted by sheep? A friend of mine whose veracity I can vouch for was returning home late from the Fitzwilliam. It was a moonless night, one of those nights when the trees stand like gaunt black sentinels along the road and a kind of still watchfulness, a sense not of Presences exactly but of the *imminence* of something restrained, held back, presses in upon the solitary

walker. As he strode along his attention was arrested by a bleat or baa, coming from a point to one side and a little—and to this my friend is prepared to swear—a little *above* him, so that—

THE HERR PROFESSOR OF PHANTASMAGORIA AND KINDRED SCIENCES AT DRESDEN: The delegate has said bleat or baa. It is necessary to be precise in such matters.

CAMBRIDGE DON: The terms are synonymous in Cambridge. Quicken-
ing his pace, for though not an impressionable man—

THE CHAIRMAN: We are wandering from the point. The paper for



"That knot doesn't look any too safe."



discussion before the Conference is "Impalpability and Formlessness: Is Something Enough?"

CAMBRIDGE DON: This sheep was neither felt nor seen. My point is that a disembodied bleat, or baa if the Herr Professor will allow me, is a paranormal phenomenon, and as such a proper subject for investigation.

THE DELEGATE FROM HARVARD: Permit me to attempt a brief appraisal of progress as of now. Dr. Coldheim, in his very interesting and stimulating paper, advanced the proposition—a somewhat revolutionary proposition, gentlemen—that the Impalpable must have Shape. "Let us discountenance," he says in effect, "all so-called phenomena that cannot be more accurately described than as Something, a Thing, It, or even 'a swirling mass of darkness that seemed to dilate

and condense about its yet blacker centre.' He advises us to leave such vague manifestations to the fiction-writers. Now we on the Eastern Seaboard—

SENIOR FERNANDO DE BRUNHA (*Lisbon*): We should ban Mass and Impact. Things that blunder against people in the dark bring the whole business into disrepute.

AN OXFORD DELEGATE: Oh, come! Do you disbelieve in poltergeists? I could show you bruises—

PROFESSOR OF P-PS. AT VIENNA: What about smell? I am continually being asked to investigate icy cold draughts accompanied by a faint musty odour.

THE DUTCH REPRESENTATIVE: I should now wish to speak of mysterious blotches on walls. Myself, I am recently called in to advise some good people in Amsterdam.

A VOICE: It eventually transpired that the previous tenant had been foully done to death in that very room.

THE CHAIRMAN (*sharply*): Who said that?

CAMBRIDGE DON: The voice seemed to come from behind and a little above me. Reverting to my original point, there is a woman still alive in Ipswich who a few years ago distinctly heard the neigh of her favourite horse, which passed over in 1896. Much work remains to be done in the field of palaeophonic manifestations, particularly with relation to the animal kingdom.

A SMALL NORWEGIAN: Trolls—

THE CHAIRMAN (*loudly*): I now call upon the delegate from Aberdeen to read his paper on "Clamminess: Its Use and Abuse as an Aid to the Identification of Phantasmata."

A VOICE: Could you repeat the last word, please?

THE CHAIRMAN: Quick! There he is! Throw that ghastly manifestation out.

ε ε

Probably some kind of twisted logic in this somewhere

"If you can't afford to retire, why not buy a small Hotel on a golf course!"

Daily Telegraph advertisement.

Mother of Seven

I CANNOT tell you how the thing occurred
Or when, in point of fact, it all began.
I only heard what everybody heard:

MOTHER OF SEVEN ALARMED BY LIMPING MAN.

I cannot say what else the facts disclosed,
Whether his face alarmed her or his gait,
And what connection is to be supposed
Between her married and her mental state.

None, I suspect. Not all the writer's art
Could weave much fabric from this fertile wife.
Nothing she had could hold the public heart
But this florescence in her private life.

And this not long. Sad though it often is,
Romance and ripeness cannot co-exist;
Too frequent and too fruitful pregnancies
Distract spectator and protagonist.

Reiteration blunts the greatest good,
And men prize mostly what they most intend.
No one who gloried in her motherhood
Could glory in it seven times on end.

Contrast there was, a hint of light and shade,
Some touch of freshness in the story told:
She now made news who hitherto had made
Seven children only in the self-same mould.

But that was all. The limping man was seen
At Slough and Streatham Hill, but never spoke.
Her motherhood remained what it had been,
Her cross, her secret pride, the local joke.

She sighed, and put her cuttings-book away
Among her souvenirs, and turned, half-vexed
And half-refreshed, as from a holiday,
To what, on form, she knew must happen next.

P. M. HUBBARD

Testimonial

By MARJORIE RIDDELL

EAR SIR,—I've never written to an Advertising Manager before, so I hope you will forgive me. I've always read your magazine, Mum says I'll ruin my eyes before I'm twenty, but it's helped me a lot through life and I've had some nice letters from your Beauty Editor and your Editor of your Puzzled Hearts Page helping me with my little problems. So I thought you wouldn't mind. Me writing to you, I mean. As it's about an advertisement.

I thought you would like to know that I like your advertisements ever so much, being true to life and Artistic. I think you make them look very nice. Of course the cosmetic and fashion ones are the most exciting, especially the cosmetics, making everyone look like Gene Tierney and Deborah Kerr and so on, and all so cheap considering, although I can't quite understand why Gene Tierney doesn't come out looking like Deborah Kerr, but still.

Well, one of your advertisements I like the best is that home perm one about the two girls. I always look for it and read it, though I never can remember its name. I thought I must write and tell you about it because it brought me and Roy to a sublime realization as they say, which is a *true story* you can use, if you like.

The home perm one I remember best was the one about Mavis and Elsie, do you remember? In the first picture Mavis looks simply awful and Elsie looks marvellous, and Mavis says Oh dear, what shall I do, I'm meeting Mortimer to-night and look at me. And Elsie says Well, we'll soon fix that, you must have a whatever-it's-called home perm. Then she laughs gaily and Mavis has a question-mark over her head, and several pictures later there she is—looking utterly streamlined, with simply marvellous hair and even longer eyelashes and a few other things, which I suppose was just coincidence. Then she meets Mortimer and he says Oh Mavis, you look beautiful to-night. And she says That's because I've used a whatever-it's-called home perm. And he says Will you marry me? And she says Yes. And they both say Thank goodness for whatever-it's-called home perm.

Well, I think that was lovely.

I think Mavis had known Mortimer for a long time, and she was in torture wondering if he loved her or not, and I must say he looked worth it. He looked shy, I thought, and just the kind who would need a bit of a push. But I couldn't understand why Elsie wasn't married.

Well, anyway, the point is I'd had exactly the same kind of trouble with Roy. I'd written to your Editor of your Puzzled Hearts Page asking her if he loved me, and if she didn't know was there a test I could give him to find out. And she wrote back and said only time would tell, which was a bit depressing. I mean, I'm not getting any younger. Well, then I saw this advertisement, and I said to myself Anything that does the trick for Mavis can do it for me, looking so *awful* in that first picture. So I rushed straight out to buy the home perm, like it tells you to do. Only I'd forgotten its name, and had to get another kind, but they said in the shop they were all much the same anyway.

So I did it, and they were wrong because it was very different from yours, yours being so *easy*. It nearly killed me and took half the paint off the kitchen walls and I was up nearly all night.

And the next day I looked much worse than Mavis in her first picture, except that I was frizzy and she was straight. Well, it was a Saturday, and I was meeting Roy that afternoon and was frantic, and I thought of saying I couldn't go and then I thought, *this could be the test!!!* Because if Roy loved me looking like that, well, he loved me.

So I went. And Roy didn't say anything, but he looked at me once or twice and I could see he was thinking. You can always tell with Roy when he's thinking. Then in the interval (it was a football match, Roy's mad about it and I suppose I shall have to be too) he said Have you had your hair cut or something? And I said No, why? And he said It looks different, I like it like that.

Well I died. I did really. I quite forgot to ask what was happening about the game after that, and kept waiting for him to say he loved me, but he didn't. Then about three minutes before the end when we needed one more goal or something I think, and everybody was very excited, I couldn't bear it any longer and I said Roy. And he said What? And I said Do you love me? And he said What? And I said Do you love me? And he said, What what, oh yes, yes.

There now, what do you think of that? It's taken me ages to get it out of him, although I'm not really sure even now if we're actually engaged or not. But I thought I'd leave that for a bit, and I'm just telling everyone we're *unofficially* engaged and isn't Vi mad! Vi is my friend at the office.

So that's my true story you can use, and very welcome, and all thanks to that home perm whatever it's called. With many thanks for your nice magazine and good luck with your advertisements.

Yours truly,
JENNY JAY



"I haven't a stitch on underneath."

"Brothers and sisters of the soil, let me advise you, as one enthusiast to another, get a copy of this wonderbook without delay. Those who haven't a garden should buy one for someone who has."

Advertisement for gardening book
But not for flat dwellers.



Mr. Thorneycroft

Black Monday

THERE were three rows on Monday. There was Mr. CALLAGHAN's row with the Conservative back-benchers whom he accused of "standing on the sidelines and sneering at nationalization," and Mr. COLLICK's row when he claimed that the railway strike was a direct result of the Government's return to power (some days after the strike notices had been handed in). But these rows were essentially of the "Ya, boo, you're another" variety and did not get anyone very much farther. But much more serious was poor Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD's row, bayed at as he was by Mr. NABARRO, Brigadier CLARK and Dame IRENE WARD, for his was a row with his "candid friends." Miss JENNIE LEE, it is true, chipped in just to show that Hamlet and Laertes have now changed rapiers. We used to be told that it was very wicked of the Tories to wish to reduce subsidies so that food might be sold at its natural price. Now Miss LEE tells us that it is very wicked of the Tories not to wish to reduce coal subsidies so that coal may not be sold at its natural price. But, though Hamlet and Laertes exchanged rapiers, the most important part of the story was that by the end of the act both of them were dead, and, though it still remains to be seen whether Mr. LLOYD's successor will do any better than Mr. LLOYD, it seems increasingly probable that before long he will have to have a try. Meanwhile *Hansard*, with all the insouciance of a Sunday journalist, changed Miss LEE's sex to call her Mr. LEE, and the *Daily Worker* with a more robust feudal tradition hailed Mr. NABARRO as a "Tory chief." Mr. LLOYD was more than Mr. NABARRO

could stand, and he stalked magnificently out both of the Chamber and of the Joint Secretarial chair of the Fuel and Power Committee. "Why, I kep' my dignity, Mrs. 'Arris," said George Belcher's charlady. "'Pig,' says I, and swep' out." But the next Select Committee, it seems, at the present rate will have to decide whether Mr. NABARRO should not properly receive the salary payable to the Leader of the Opposition.

The two things that the Socialists want are that transport should be somehow subsidized and that the British Road Services should go on. The two things that fairly clearly emerged from the debate were, that in spite of Mr. MOLSON and the Act of 1947 the Commission never would pay its way, and that because of Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER and the Act of 1953 the rest of the vehicles will not be sold and British Road Services will not come to an end. A cynical New Yorker in the 1920s, wearied of the endless arguments about prohibition, said "Well, the drys have got the law and the wets have got the drinks, so what the hell?"

Integration or Disintegration

The trouble with transport is that there is a good deal wrong with the present situation, but the Socialists do not dare to say what it is. Everyone, in the modern fashion, calls on everyone else to rise above party considerations and to look at the problem from the national interest, but then everyone discovers that the national interest and the wishes of the workers exactly coincide with his own preferences. Mr. MELLISH would have nationalization because that is what the workers want, and Mr. ENOCH POWELL would have

denationalization because that is what the workers want. What Gallup, come to judgment, shall give ruling between them? Mr. GEORGE STRAUSS recited the conventional Front Bench saying lesson and called for "integration of road and rail," but Mr. POWELL, who has the habit, almost unique in the present House, of using words as if they might be supposed to have a meaning, explained that integration either means that the roads must subsidize the railways or that people must be compelled to use the railways when they would rather use the roads, or it means nothing.

Monopolies

Wednesday's Question-time row was about the bombing of Aden tribesmen by the R.A.F. Mr. STOKES with some considerable exaggeration compared this to Lidice, but on the other hand Mr. LENNOX-BOYD's retort that the Conservatives were only doing in Arabia what the Socialists had done in Malaya and on the North-West frontier was of little comfort to that increasingly large section of the public whose cry is "A plague o' both your Houses." At this point Miss Marlene Dietrich in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery had had enough and found the lure of



Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd

Mr. Shimwell

cream, strawberries and Mrs. BRADDOCK on the Terrace irresistible.

Her place was taken by a delegation of bearded Russian ecclesiastics, who trooped in to listen to the debate on monopolies. Theirs was the advantage that none of them, it is said, understood a word of English. It was fairly obvious from Mr. THORNEYCROFT's speech that, in spite of pamphlets and election promises, the Conservatives do not intend to do anything effective about monopolies. Mr. HAROLD WILSON, Mr. CRONIN of Loughborough in a maiden speech and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON in a red tie, put on to agree with Mr. MIKARDO in, made that point effectively enough. But then the Socialists by their very profession admit that they do not intend to do anything about the greatest of all monopolies—the nationalized industries—and indeed Mr. HAROLD LEVER almost seemed to think that restrainers on trade did not matter provided that the restrainer was nationalized. But it is no good bursting yourself to strain at gnats when you do not even make a pretence at swallowing an occasional camel every now and again. The masters of nationalized monopolies may sometimes be very good men, as are sometimes the masters of other monopolies, but they suffer from all the other temptations that go with power and have another private



Lord Woolton—Maths master

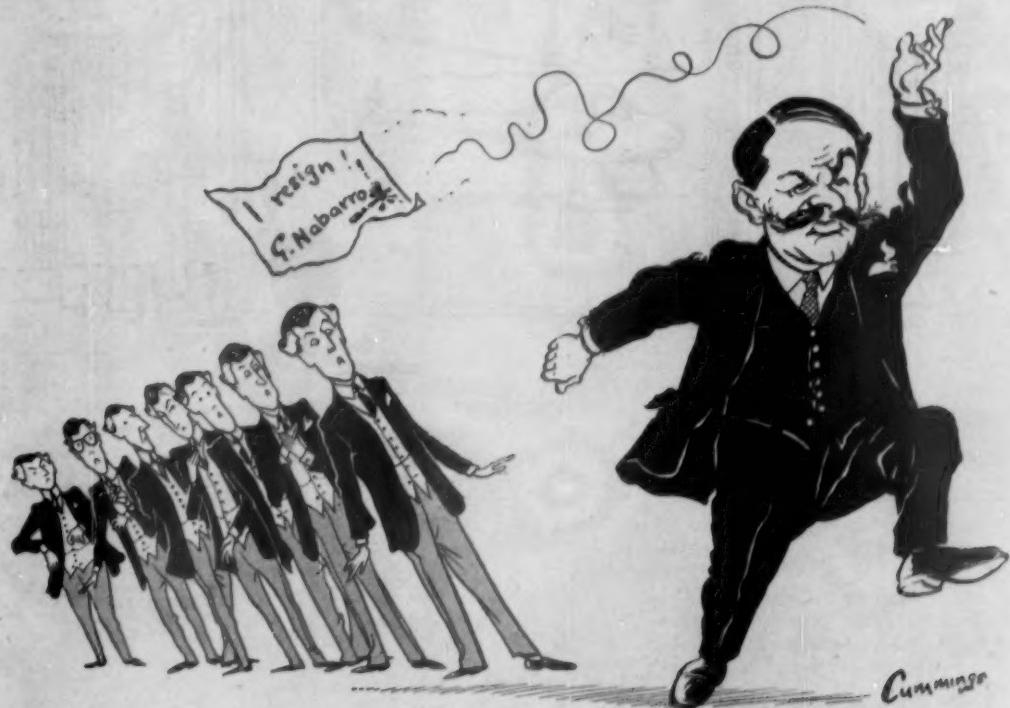
temptation of their own on top—because they know that if they get in the red somebody else will in fact find the money.

From this shadow boxing it was a relief to hear a sensible maiden speech from Mr. PETER RAWLINSON, who argued that whatever was done should at least be done with due regard to rules of evidence and justice. In this Sir LIONEL HEALD supported him. Mr. GRESHAM COOKE did his best to recommend the witches' brew of the private court, but he looked in vain around the Chamber to find any two other Weird Sisters to support him in this, and of this unlamented broth it

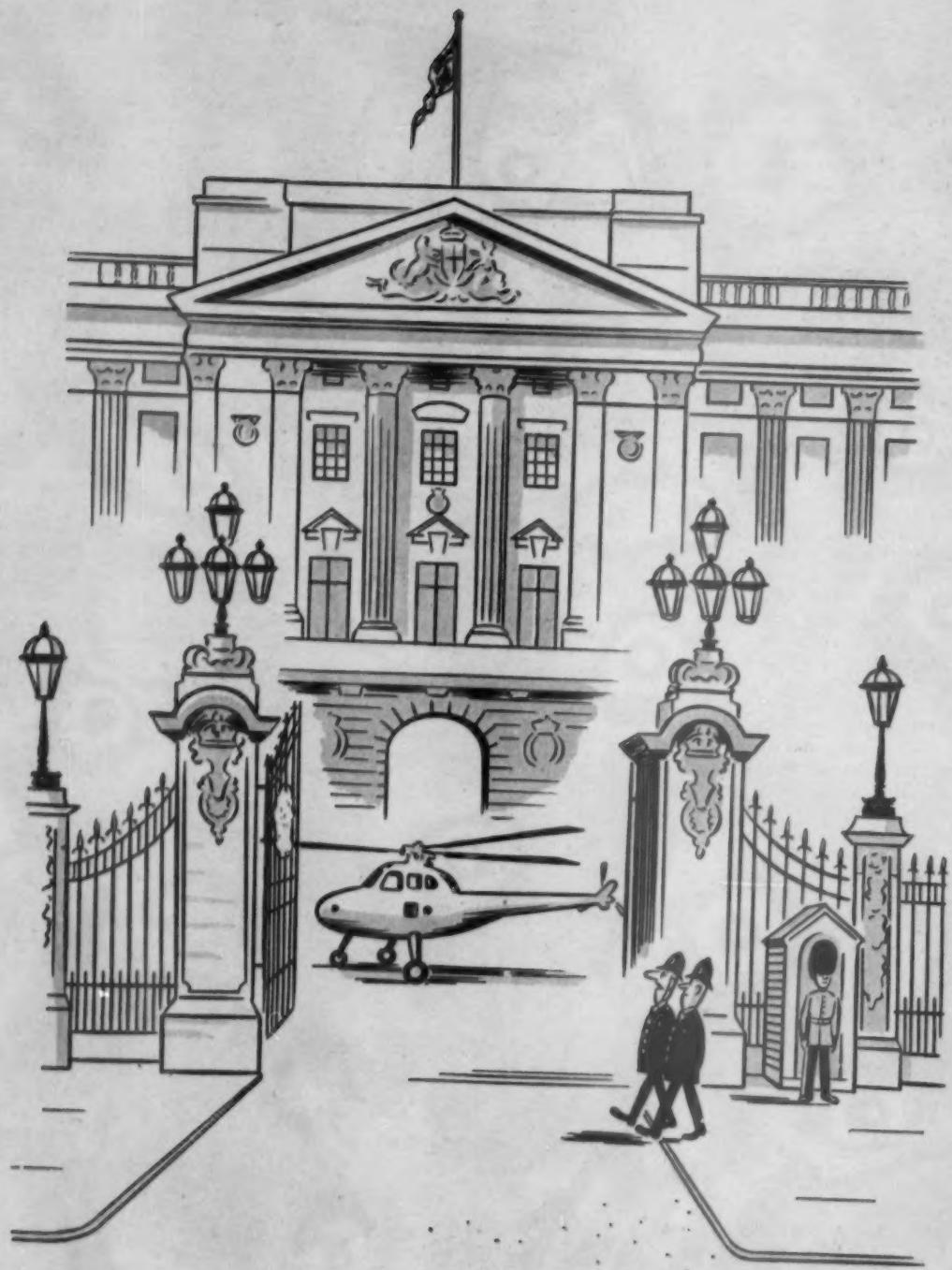
could be said, if nothing else could be said, that at least it was not too many COOKES that spoiled it.

Meanwhile, as the week dribbled through, both Houses had been regaled with their incidental tit-bits of information. The Commons had been told that Mr. BEVINS could cure kippers more quickly by electricity—if only he had the electricity—and that at that very moment some thousand Mrs. Mopps were sweeping away at the corridors of one Government department or another. The Lords had learnt that in his salad days Lord WOOLTON presided over the young as a mathematical usher. What could be wrong with playing housey-housey, wondered Mr. MICHAEL STEWART, seeing that an article on it had been written in an encyclopaedia by a verger of a cathedral? But Mr. LLOYD GEORGE knew from experience that there were different ways of playing different games. Then on Thursday down came the Iron Curtain with a bang. It was a Scottish day and for English Members who poked a nose into the Chamber the motto was "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Mr. STUART, the Secretary of State for Scotland, enduring the speeches of his fellow Scots with some difficulty, gave the impression that he would have had no objection to calling it a day either.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



Cummings



"Yes, they're in residence."



"Pssst! Want an Overdraft?"

THREE is supposed to be a new atmosphere in the banks. Managers wear their smiles with furrowed brows, nod with difficulty, shake their heads with practised emphasis. Customers in the clear are in the pink and customers in the red are in the soup. The big squeeze is on.

Or is it? So far the bankers have hardened their hearts to the consistency of putty: many of them are opposed to a policy that puts a brake on legitimate business, and continue to work their resources to the limits of conventional prudence. They will tighten up on advances only when "legitimate business" has been re-defined by the practical moves of the monetary authorities.

In theory even the threat of a new turn to the official credit screw should be enough to bring the bankers into line, but during the past six months theory and practice have had little in common. Since Bank Rate was first increased early in the year the banks have experienced a steady squeeze upon their liquidity, yet their advances have climbed to a record level—to something like £2,250 millions in the first half of this year. And the earnings on these advances—always the most profitable of a bank's operations—have been higher than ever. To some extent these profits have been offset by losses on holdings and sales of gilt-edged securities, losses caused by the relative decline of fixed-interest stocks and the boom in equities. Inflation has encouraged the investor to stake new claims in industrial Ordinaries and to reduce his deposits with the banks. And the banks have had to improve their liquid assets by selling gilt-edged investments in a falling market. The vicious circle is completed if we apportion the blame for creeping inflation between the Government and the banking world.

Mr. Butler has re-stated the case for a credit squeeze in a series of dark warnings. He has reminded us that our share of world trade is falling, that inflation is beginning to price our manufacturers out of overseas markets, and that higher and higher wages are diverting productive resources from export business to home trade. Since 1950 labour costs in Britain have risen by twice as much as in the United States, while in Germany they have increased hardly at all. And our inevitable preoccupation with consumers' goods—with, that is, the *immediate* effort to raise our material standard of living—means that we are falling behind in the race to modernize industrial equipment. There is a new industrial revolution taking place and we are looking it over with half an eye.



Long, Long Trail

ENGLAND has recently been invaded from the West Indies. It is no exaggeration to say that the intruders total about a thousand million. Nobody has noticed their arrival or commented on their conquest. Yet that isn't so strange, because they came stealthily at night and nothing moves so silently, takes cover so quickly or remains still so patiently as these creatures which come annually to our shores.

But this year there are so many more than usual. One might call it a plague if eels did any harm. As it is one can say that they swarm. I have never seen so many. The shady pools of our rivers and streams writhe with these tiny white-bellied creatures. It is the same all over the country; and in Devonshire streams it is as if the mud itself were alive.

I stood the other day by one small stream which empties itself on to the beach by way of a waterfall which is at least thirty feet high. The water was black with young eels, each about three

inches long. They were swarming up and against the vertical fall of the water. The pool at the top of the fall was the consistency of jelly with fish. I walked along the bed of the stream and under each flat stone were about twenty of these creatures. They had been born in the West Atlantic and by some blind and imponderable compulsion had swum thousands of miles back to the streams from which their parents had come before they had spawned and perished in the depths of the ocean.

These young eels take three years to do the journey. They are three inches long and, though translucent, now recognizably little eels when they begin to thread our rivers. They will stay here for six years, when they will repeat the pattern and, like a tide, will be drawn back to their birthplace where they will, on arrival, starve themselves to death. Their bones become flabby with lack of lime, their flesh almost putrid upon their skeletons. Then just before the moment of their self-inflicted death they give birth to their young. It is the same with both sexes. The male eel expires the moment he has impregnated the female, who, fasting too, lingers on only till her young are born. And in the instant that it lives the young eel begins its slow journey across the oceans of the world, back to the stream and into the pool from which its parents came three years before. What guides it? Why do we talk of the Miracles, when it is all miracles? And even if we could explain them, the mind which did so would be a miracle too.

... Three to follow in the Boomlet Stakes—Albright and Wilson, Debenhams, and Decca.

MAMMON



BOOKING OFFICE

The Simple Art of Parody

NO longer do parodists write Shakespearian blank verse about the discomforts of Grub Street. It was too easy to write bad Shakespeare and only Shakespeare could write good Shakespeare, probably one of the things that made him unique. Since Sir Max Beerbohm, parodists have stayed contemporary, though Mr. Blunden has just unexpectedly popped up in *The Times Literary Supplement* doing Johnson. As readers have fresher memories of Miss Elizabeth Bowen or Mr. L. P. Hartley than of Lamb or Southey, the standard expected of parody has risen until it has become the only branch of literature with no opening for the sound second-rate. The sensible minor parodist will therefore parody only imaginary authors. Have you seen the originals of *all* the parodies you have read? Don't you feel that some modern authors exist only in parodies? To-day ignorance is the main source of shame, and suspicious readers never quite dare to demand evidence, any more than an impersonator's audience query the existence of the crooner he claims to be impersonating.

The creative parody needs strongly marked stylistic peculiarities; people are readier to believe in the reality of the outré than in the reality of the realistic. The theme, setting and viewpoint should be outré too, Race Relations on a Pacific raft from a Protestant angle rather than adultery in Wimbledon written in sympathy with both sides. The parody should fall into one of the main classes recognized as constituting contemporary literature. Plenty is published about girls marrying the boss, but this would not make so credible an original as an account of spending the war in a Cretan shepherd's hut. Specimens should be unattractive enough to deter library subscribers from awkward inquiries, as in the following:

TO THE WINNOWING

by D*** rees*

"Budge, angel-son, move that jug of roses into the light. You are too much

for giving tribute to the dark. It feeds in falsity."

"When the jug was new come to Easlings it stood upon the aumbry in the south withdrawing-room and faded its elegance. Budge is not such an one as would heed the past of the inanimate; but he caresses his cheek with the petal-bloom as old sun touches young head with fireless fire and sweeps the carpet like obsequious brooms."

"At this hour, the retreat of iridescence makes us hurry to cover all with memories, as servants mask couch and escritoire with unspeakable drabberies while we are gorgeous elsewhere."



In the Great Embrasure, Nashti looked up from Malory, remembering the black ice and dun porcelain stoves of her home. She and adolescence were antagonists well, yet capriciously matched.

SUMMER SOUTH OF BERGER'S

by C. *.*. ***ish

Then came the sun. It lay along of your spine like white-hot ingots. It frizzed the yurca leaves old and sterile. It burnt the sap out from cattle and men. The plains were baked as hard as blue quartz; the hills sent out sullen heat like ovens ajar. Down at the cross-roads the winter feuds died in an ebb-

tide lethargy. The boys propitiated their thunder god with stampings and curlew sounds supposed to be hymnal and entreating and set their women to the yawpaw brew. Only small creatures like axolotls went out and abroad.

A SORT OF STATEMENTS

by *tes* **od

I first met Shrubshaw when he borrowed a match in the silver and brocade bar of the Rothesay, a blurred little pub off Great Portland Street. He had an envelope of cartilage over an inner envelope of fat that bulged out round his wrists and ears, and a green wideawake crammed on his mesomorph's skull. This evening he angrily ordered me a mild-and-stout before I could indicate that I preferred a glass of some rather treacly red wine or, if that were unobtainable or its obtaining irksome, a small scotch. He started talking without giving himself time to cough properly.

"The difference between sense and nonsense is one of form. The statement *This is to A as A isn't* can't be approved by the syntactical rigorist and hence only a metaphysician would inquire whether the pronoun 'This' had an antecedent at all."

A customer like a bedizened cowman tried to sell Shrubshaw a ticket for a concert; it was somewhere up the Thames, Walton or Crickleade, and the only attraction seemed to be that the Chair would be taken by a Mrs. Darcy Glen. He got quite keen on the idea of going and went off with the cowman to ask about buses, shouting that he'd be back to tell me about levels of proof.

IN A GRAIN OF SAND

by S**n** *a*

This was no ways to treat a feller I told him. He jerked my tie out and called me a cheesy kid so I made like I didn't care and got a drag out of the pocket of my jeans and got a light for it at the stove. And all the glory of Greece and Rome shone like planets in the observatory of my skull and I was one with Homer and Horace and all them crissy guys I used to read about in the organ-loft at St. John's. I was only a back-lot pitcher but I was brother to Sophocles and Plato and Cornelius

Nepos and my tousled hair had stardust for dandruff and the wind that parted it came from way out beyond Manhattan.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Man in the Middle. David Waggoner.
Gollancz, 12/-

Weak, kind, utterly ordinary and lame in the legs from a train mishap, a Chicago crossing tender is caught up in the merest fringes of some political skulduggery. The book tells of two days' clumsy, terrified efforts to evade pursuit real and imaginary. It hammers the reader too mercilessly, and harrows him too keenly with the minutiae of friendlessness and pain. But the heightened sensibilities of a man in desperate trouble are unerringly caught and conveyed, and though the emphasis throughout is on the seamy side of American life, whether social or political, and the reader must feel at times repelled by the unsavouriness of it all, his attention is painfully seized and his sympathies irresistibly aroused.

J. B. B.

The Starless Night. John Lodwick. *Heinemann*, 15/-

Though this is an independent novel, it has the same hero as *Somewhere a Voice is Calling* and gains by being read after it. It mingles an investigation of the flaws and decencies of the Adventurer, a story of failure in love, a complicated and almost unintelligible thriller told with tremendous verve, a study of modern Spain and an absorbed contemplation of a group of people. Mr. Lodwick still packs in too much, but that, in a way, is a good fault, after a period in which shape and relevance have been more applauded than vitality. Even the occasional slab of pretentious writing helps to create the odd compulsion that Mr. Lodwick increasingly exercises over the reader. I can imagine that the novel might annoy some people very much. I found bits of it heavy and bits of it cheap; but it has an ungainly force. It reminded me in an odd way of the detective-thrillers of Max Murray; it is an entertainment that has moved rather further towards "literature" but springs from a similar fascination with ambiguities of loyalty and knowingness.

R. G. G. P.

Sculpture in Britain in the Middle Ages.
Lawrence Stone. *Penguin*, 45/-

Only recently have people begun to be aware of the wonderful treasures of sculpture that exist in this country. Mr. Lawrence Stone's profusely illustrated book begins in the seventh century and ends with the Reformation. There were two terrible periods of destruction in English sculpture, the first under Henry VIII, the second during the Cromwellian usurpation, so that only a small proportion remains of what once was a magnificent field of varied achievement. The sophistication of some of the pre-Conquest sculptors is really astonishing, while something like the south

door of Kilpeck Church, Herefordshire (c. 1145-50), is almost Byzantine in its elaboration. There was, it appears, a local tradition and also a master craftsman in Herefordshire, responsible in the twelfth century for several churches there, constructed, oddly enough, at a period of great civil disorder.

Then there are the fascinating "romantic" tombs of the mid-fourteenth century. Good examples are Reepham and Ingham in Norfolk, where the knights lie on their tombs twisted in baroque attitudes. Here is much not only for everyone interested in sculpture but also for all concerned with the history of Great Britain.

A. F.

Dancers of God. Noel Ballif. *Sidgwick and Jackson*, 15/-

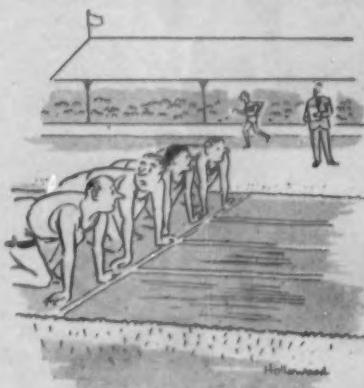
Strange people—the pygmies of equatorial Africa; and almost as strange the fact that, glimpsed for some 4,000 years, they have never been visited. M. Ballif and his colleagues went to make films, measure heads, and bring back the belated adventure. They found a shy race; soon, however, song and dance started the camera handles turning. These pygmies are hunters, with the gorilla as their traditional enemy, wandering in small communities through the forest, carrying fire, trading skins, unable to swim, monotheistic and monogamous, content with an existence described—along with guns and cigarettes—as belonging to the Stone Age.

They are in no sense degenerate, but well proportioned and hardy despite small stature. Their blood-groups differ from those of the negro, and probably they came from Asia. It was a Pharaoh who gave M. Ballif his title. He has scooped his story in a prose coolly adjusted to the heats and humours of adventure.

G. W. S.

Over the Bridge. Richard Church.
Heinemann, 18/-

"... at every passing of a horse-bus, or a brewers' dray the pavement trembled,



"Are we having a race or just breaking records?"

the aquarium trembled, and we trembled." Thus Mr. Richard Church describes how, on New Year's Day, 1900, two small boys (his brother and himself) ventured out of their home in Battersea unknowingly faring towards the new century. Some think that century has destroyed the lower middle class, "the mezzanine floor of the house of man," as Mr. Church terms his boyhood background, "the most static institution human society has ever known." Quietly, with dramatic flashes, the author recreates his years of exploration over the bridge which divides boyhood from adolescence. The world he explored fringed on that of Mr. Polly on the one, of George Gissing on the other frontier. He widens his vistas and constructs his perspectives with skill, engaging one's interest continually in people and experiences that, dully treated, would have seemed deathly dull. His autobiographical essay culminates at seventeen when "suddenly I was armed. Poetry was to be my weapon."

R. C. S.

AT THE PLAY

The Merry Wives of Windsor
(STRATFORD-UPON-AVON)
Wild Thyme (DUKE OF YORK'S)
Twenty Minutes South
(ST. MARTIN'S)

ALTHOUGH *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is traditionally a mid-summer revel, its text offers plenty of excuse for GLEN BYAM SHAW's conceit of staging it in midwinter. On a night so sweltering that all sanity pointed to a punt on the Avon nothing could have been more humane than the iron frost in which MOTLEY had beautifully imprisoned Berkshire. The castle was there, to fix our bearings; but a touch of Russia in the curl of the roofs combined with the bear and the Welshness of the schoolmaster to suggest either a Baptist Omsk or an Orthodox Pwllheli, it didn't much matter which. In the centre of the stage an architect's box of tricks turned itself inside out to provide charming interiors.

It is kinder to think of the Falstaff in this play as a second cousin to the great knight. The family language echoes, the animal spirits and the manner are from the same mould, but the wit has thinned. ANTHONY QUAYLE's Falstaff is an old friend, and here he is shrewdly adapted to the needs of romping farce, which the producer drives along at a cracking speed. Cuckoldry may be a basic joke, but failed cuckoldry is better fun. JOYCE REDMAN and ANGELA BADDELEY live up to the title with such spontaneous gaiety that at one moment it was even money whether they had really succumbed to the giggles. And there is genuine merriment on the sidelines, too, though these winter sports must have seemed like a Turkish bath. From WILLIAM DEVLIN, a fine pedantic Sir Hugh, from PATRICK WYMARK a rousing host, from KEITH

MICHELL and ROSALIND ATKINSON a good Ford and a lively Mistress Quickly. Sir John's followers somehow go for little, but MICHAEL DENISON's antic French doctor is much firmer than his earlier performances this season.

The Public Analyst would find that *Wild Thyme* is composed of refined sugar, proof spirits and a high percentage of oxygen. Only the most powerful microscope could discover a plot; this musical play by PHILIP GUARD and DONALD SWANN is in the fashion in relying on charm, simplicity, and engaging tunes sung with fervour. Wit could usefully have been added, but a gentle humour serves, and WENDY TOYE successfully disguises the slightness of the evening in the delicacy of her production, which holds a consistent note of unpretentious gaiety. *Wild Thyme* is a lyric of a runaway porter's day out in the country with a famous singer, pursued by her preposterous husband; it is absurd and delightful, and the direct result, one would say, of all the emotional pummelling and Freudian moaning which we have suffered from the big smart musicals from Broadway.

RONALD SEARLE's décor fits this Cloud Cuckoo Land as naturally as a dagger in the head girl's stocking. Starting with a curtain of bilious pelicans and jet-propelled snails, he takes us via a Gothic railway buffet to pre-myomatosic Devon,

where Searle flowers luxuriate (*Helianthus bogusissimus*), and where the passing of a platonic night is signalled by the rising of an electric moon and the arrival of a sun self-protected by a boater. Here his still-life springs to action. The drooping bogworts pull themselves together, the owl winks, rabbits bob and a chorus of energetic blackbirds salutes the happy morn.

The cast is as right as the décor for the taste and lightness of *Wild Thyme*. BETTY PAUL is very winning as the French singer, and DENIS QUILLEY just the kind of reluctant porter who might be rocking any country ticket office with song. As the girl who brings him final solace JANE WENHAM does it conclusively, and COLIN GORDON is neatly comic as the husband. Cockney campers and traditional rustics erupt madly and join with zest in tunes which should soon uplift the British bath.

A second essay in musical simplicity, *Twenty Minutes South*, is by PETER GREENWELL and MAURICE BROWNING. It deals with the heart-throbs and tribulations of suburbia, switching between a rather dreary home and a rather music-hall office; and although it was a success at the Players' Theatre, for me it lacks the style and finish which are essential to this new genre. DAPHNE ANDERSON brings grace, but to a contradictory part, LOUIE RAMSAY drive and a nice turn of comedy. Several good

songs and some lively dancing are on the credit side, but the total effect is too thin.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

EMLYN WILLIAMS as Dylan Thomas
Growing Up (Globe—8/6/55). *The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker* (New—1/6/55). *Sailor Beware!* (Strand—23/2/55).

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

Petrouchka—Swan Lake:
Act II (FESTIVAL HALL)

THE London County Council in its rôle of impresario has, with a gesture of *gamin* impudence, assumed at its Festival Hall the mantle of Diaghilev. It is so long since FOKINE's masterpiece, *Petrouchka*, was seen in London that the L.C.C.'s presentation of the work has all the attraction of novelty. Alas! the mantle is patched and shabby. The ballet has lost its former elegancies and most of the poignant sentiment—love-passions of puppets in a conjurer's booth—is gone also. Alexandre Benois, who designed the original dresses and scenery long ago, lamented the ballet's loss of charm as, one by one, its ancillary features disappeared. Now there is little left but a noisy romp to recall the animated *mise en scène*. In Nijinsky's part ANTON DOLIN conveys little of the puppet's hopeless efforts to attain personal dignity. The Blackamoor (LOUIS GODFREY) was never a wholly successful character and now he scarcely counts in the drama of sawdust jealousy. As the Doll, Karsavina made essential silliness enchanting. Though ANITA LANDA does not repeat that triumph she kindles a welcome spark from the dead embers.

The Festival Company is handicapped by having to perform on a hollow and shallow platform in which every step is audible and no illusion of lighting or scenery is possible.

The principal guest-artist of the season is ALEXANDRA DANIOVA, brilliant alumna of the St. Petersburg Imperial Ballet. Seen for the first time in Act II of *Swan Lake* the superb dancer, whom we had known chiefly as a sparkling soubrette, brought to the part of Odette a queenly dignity and an air of thoughtful deliberation which was new and interesting. She was well supported by MICHAEL MAULE, but of the rest I will say nothing.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE OPERA

Nabucco—The Sicilian Vespers
(SADLER'S WELLS)

COLLECTORS of rare Verdi shrilled and cawed and didn't stop doing so until they noticed many plain, non-specialist operagoers enjoying themselves just as much. *Nabucco*, as we expected from its date, 1842, is disfigured by brassy trivialities and tootlings;



The Merry Wives of Windsor

Sir John Falstaff—ANTHONY QUAYLE

but at twenty-eight VERDI already knew how to build a sunlit, majestic duo, divide his strings celestially and fetch a tear by throwing most of his orchestra away (there is a High Priest's prayer, enormously effective, for bass voice and solo 'cello only). Another trick he knew was how to make the best of a *chic* stage situation. Nabucodonosor strides into the temple, ringleted beard, fringed sash and all, and bids the Jews kneel before him as the King-God. In mid proclamation he is struck down by lightning and rises a tremulous madman with a very different song in his throat. For a revival of this *coup* London has had to wait over a century. I find this odd.

Les Vêpres (1855) is not thirteen years but a whole age maturer than *Nabucco*, with the triviality all but sweated out, streaks of noble beauty that anticipate Tchaikovsky, and modulations and textures in the orchestra so arresting that I wanted the conductor, VILEM TAUSKY, to pull up and let us have them all over again. SCRIBE'S book echoes another of his, *Les Huguenots*. At the end there is a general massacre of French oppressors by Sicilian patriots. As in *Huguenots* the massacre signal is given by a church bell, actually an orchestral tubular bell. When, as happened the other night, the t.b. is in tune and not lost in its own harmonics, its iterations make the blood run cold. Show me, anybody, a more exciting Verdi finale.

Both performances were gifts, no less, of the visiting Welsh National Opera Company. Founded in 1946, the W.N.O.C. tour *Land of My Fathers* and play it before *God Save the Queen* on opening nights wherever they happen to be. They use an English orchestra (Bournemouth Symphony), lean heavily on London or Paris or Rome or Athens trained principles of non-Welsh birth, recruit their amateur chorus (as well as bit singers) from the home valleys and coach them fairly effectively. In BRYCHAN POWELL they have a *Vespers* tenor so good that he is not likely to stay in Cardiff long. CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

East of Eden—The Sea Chase

AS I left *East of Eden* (Director: ELIA KAZAN) I overheard a very uncomplimentary verdict to the effect that it was about the most pretentious load of bilge the speaker had ever seen in his life—and this surprised me, because although for some reason I had been ready to take an unsympathetic view and had been quite expecting to take it, in the event I found the picture interesting and even gripping, for a variety of reasons.

A good deal of fuss is made in the publicity about JAMES DEAN, the young man who plays one of the two sons of Adam Trask (RAYMOND MASSEY) in this story that is based with rather laborious



Elsa Keller—LANA TURNER

Kapitän Karl Ehrlich—JOHN WAYNE

ingenuity on the Biblical story of Cain and Abel; and Mr. DEAN does indeed deliver a pretty memorable performance, in the Brando tradition (shut your eyes, and you might think many of his lines were spoken by Marlon Brando). But the film holds one's attention as a whole (I think) because of all sorts of other things, including some quite impressive acting by other people.

It is in CinemaScope and Warner-Color and is very much a period piece: the whole action passes in a year or so from early in 1917, when the U.S. was deciding whether to get in to "this war in Europe." There is much quite elaborate and well-done period detail: the atmosphere, or what contemporary literature and pictures make me think was the atmosphere of those days (I was a bit young at the time, myself) comes over very effectively. The story itself is as "powerful" as you might suppose (though the expected murder doesn't occur and is merely symbolized), but the emphasis throughout is on the Cain character, Cal, who is presented as a victim of the only recently discovered malady of "not being loved." Because of this—and the reason is made quite convincing—he is bitter against everything and everybody, finally breaking up the family by means of the terrible fact he has discovered: that his mother, always supposed by his brother and his God-fearing father to be dead, is in fact the madam of a brothel, the "toughest house on the Coast."

It is, in a way, pretentious, but in detail it is admirably done. Extraordinary suspense is achieved, for instance, with the simple situation of the father's birthday, on which Cal anxiously tries to show his affection with a present that goes wrong; and the visual interest of the whole thing is remarkable.

Pictorial also are the main merits of *The Sea Chase* (Director: JOHN FARROW), another CinemaScope and WarnerColor piece—and again a war-time story, this time of the last war. Nearly all the action here is at sea: the central character is the captain (JOHN WAYNE) of a German merchant ship, caught by the outbreak of war in Sydney, who is grimly determined (though an anti-Nazi) to get his ship back to home waters. As written by Conrad or perhaps Forester, the hazards of this journey would have made a pretty impressive tale, and the seafaring details are striking enough even as it is; but here—whether this was in the original novel by ANDREW GEER I don't know—it seems to have been given a calculated injection of box-office appeal by way of a blonde spy in the person of LANA TURNER. The commercial motive seems so transparent that the effect of this is almost comic. Another fault, in noticeable contrast with *East of Eden*, is the constant dribble of background music even in sequences—for instance, the one at the beginning that shows the ship slipping away from her moorings on a foggy night—that positively demand dead silence, punctuated by momentary sounds, for suspense. Hollywood's version of the pursuing Royal Navy, too, is just enough out of true to be a factor of uneasiness. Yet the spectacular merits of the piece almost carry it. At any rate, I wasn't bored.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the French crime film *Rififi* (13/7/55), first-rate. The long-awaited Italian *Ulysses* has arrived; *The Vanishing Prairie* (20/4/55) continues.

The Vanishing Prairie also heads the new releases, overshadowing all the others.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Maugham and Secombe

UNLIKE many of my colleagues in the field of radio criticism I hold that the Lime Grove studios are no place for experimental drama. New writers should be blooded in the repertory theatres, perhaps on the Third Programme, but not before twelve million mixed viewers at 8.30 on Sunday evenings.

It follows that I am very much in favour of stone-wall classics—even those that have become dog-eared and rather tiresome to people who take the theatre seriously. Of twelve million viewers more than ninety per cent (and I am quoting from the records of a Gallupian inquiry) are unlikely to have seen even the most popular play ever written—even *Hamlet*—and it should be television's job to cater for the multitude, to provide the greatest happiness for the greatest number. The odd ten per cent can easily switch off.

It also follows that I applaud the TV version of the old favourite *The Sacred Flame* which was produced very ably and conventionally by Hal Burton. No attempt was made to give this juicy slice of melodrama a new look. There were no excursions to the sick-room, the telephone or Nurse Wayland's bedroom. The lighting was unvaried (except for a technical hitch) and the players disposed themselves carefully in photogenic groups. The performance was therefore stagey in form and presentation, and either by design or accident achieved a claustrophobic emotional tenseness that fully justified the treatment. I imagine that the troubles of Marie Ney, Irene Worth and Anne Crawford evoked many a tearful sniff among women viewers.

IRENE WORTH—MARIE NEY—HARRY SECOMBE
ANNE CRAWFORD



This is, of course, a woman's play. The men are mere puppets, teddy bears to be cuddled, petted and nursed, while the women, complex amalgams of love, devotion, desire and chastity, carry their sorrowful burdens with bright eyes, fortitude and more than a hint of pleasure. Anne Crawford, as Stella Tabret, gave a remarkably fine performance, lacing charm, shame and gallantry in convincing style. Irene Worth played the tense nurse with appropriate passion and on the very edge of hysteria; and Marie Ney, placid, serene and aglow with a mother's love, made Mrs. Tabret, the only dubious character in the play (for mothers who resort to mercy-killing are always somewhat incredible), a woman of flesh, blood and philosophical resignation. Congratulations to all three. And let us have more, please, of the dog-eared masterpieces of yesteryear.

For some weeks the television programmes have been plugged by queer little commercials advertising Harry

Secombe and his new show "Secombe Here!" and at each new idiotic interruption I have wondered whether the programme, when it appeared, would live up to the ballyhoo. Well, Secombe is very funny; not as consistently satisfying as he is in "The Goon Show," but uproariously comic when judged by day-in-day-out TV standards. He is not yet master of the new medium: he clowns when straight parody is enough, and makes far too much use of the verbal wise-crack, but at his best—as in the mime of the "West Acton Stick Dancers" and the buffoonery of "Beau Nidle"—he is superb.

This show, produced by W. Lyon-Shaw, was devised as a layer-cake, Secombe and his antics alternating with appetizing strata of oomph and glamour.

My young friends tell me that the new series of "Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School" has made a fine start with "Bunter on the Run," and I have promised to look in on my old chums Bob Cherry, Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent and Hurree Singh when next they appear. Gerald Campion plays the fat owl of the Remove with immense gusto, and I rather doubt whether anyone could be found to portray Billy's sister Bessie (Ah, you didn't know that she existed!) with similar certainty. Joy Harrington and Gordon Roland make good jobs of production and design in this series.

Finally a word about lunch-time listening on Sundays. Music would be welcome, music light, classical or rhythmic. Instead we are given the "Billy Cotton Band Show," a programme as coarse and corny as they come. It seems to have been running for eons.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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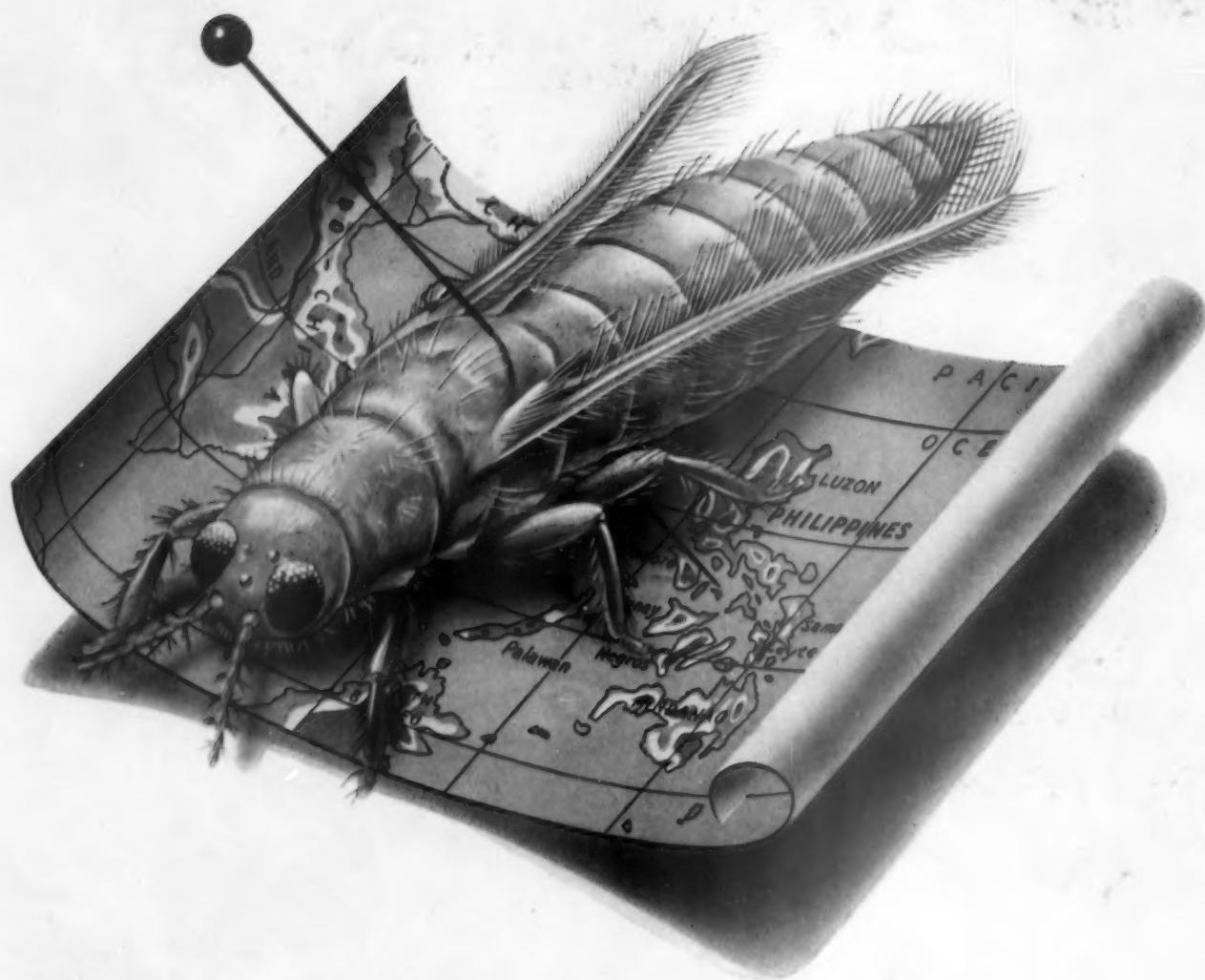


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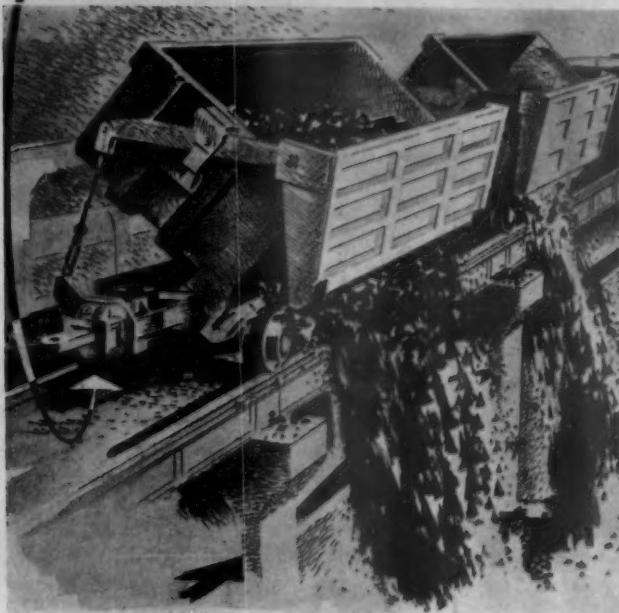
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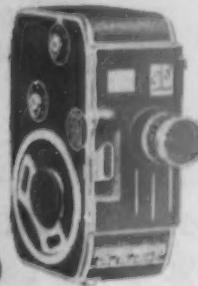
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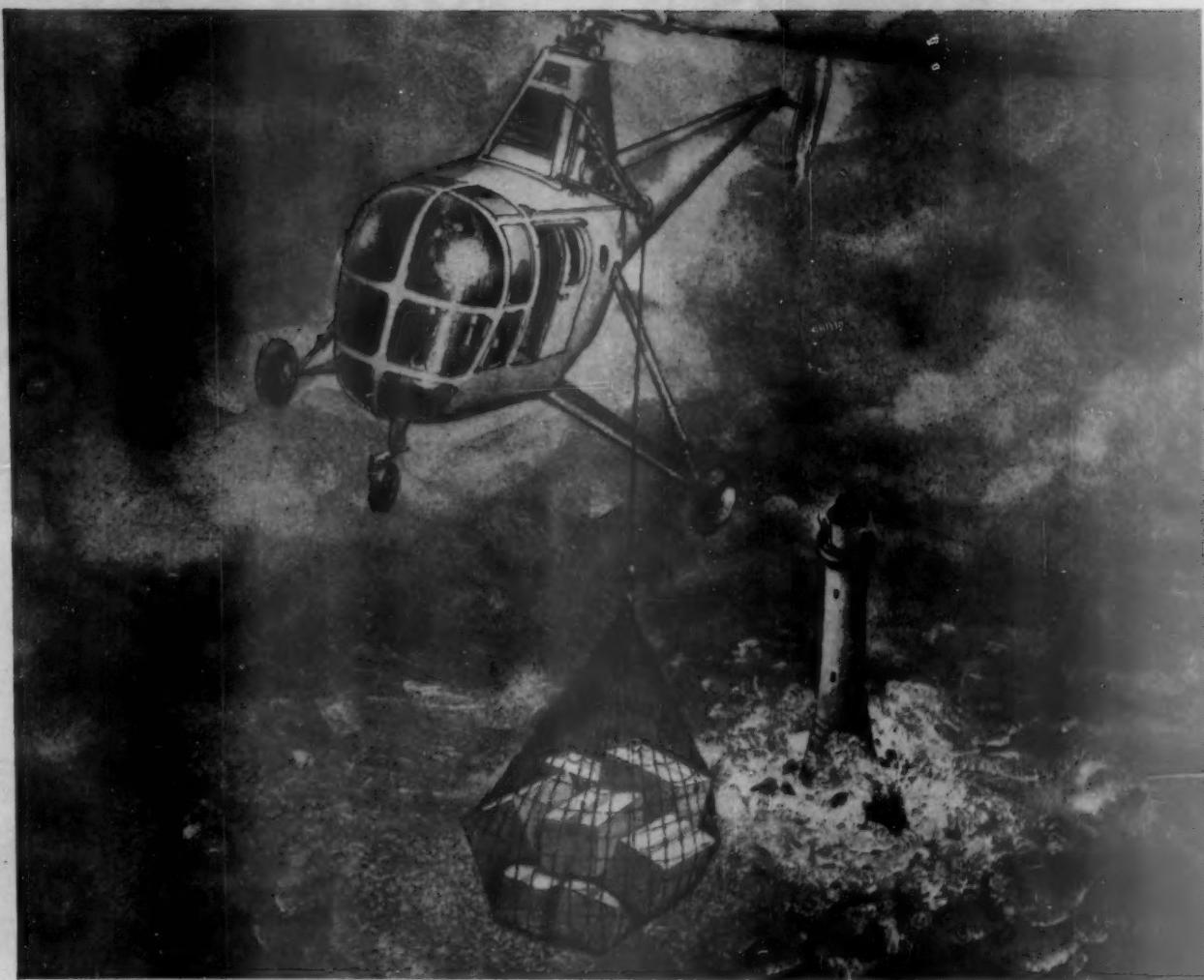


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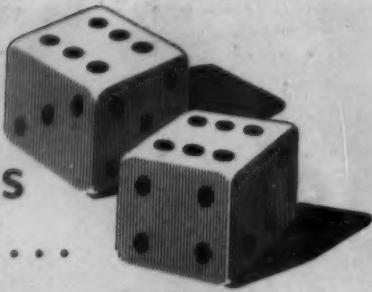
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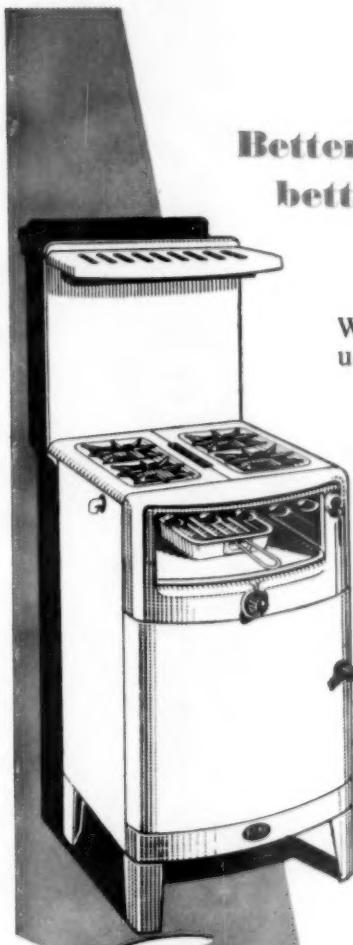
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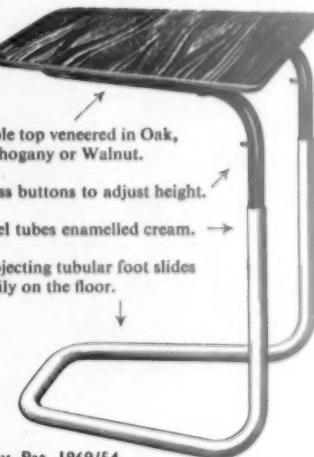


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